The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Rev J C Bucher L M M

THE MESSENGER.

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Poetry.

ANCIENT EVENING HYMN.*

Gladsome light
Of the holy glory
Of the immortal Father,
Heavenly,
Holy,
Blessed!
Jesus Christ!
Having come to sunset,
Beholding the light of evening,
We Praise
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.
God
It is meet that Thou
Should'st be praised at all times,
With auspicious voices;
O Son of God,
Who givest life!
Therefore the world glorifies Thee.

* NOTE. This hymn was old in the days of St. Basil who was born A. D. 329. Speaking of it he says, "It seemed good to our fathers, to receive the light of evening, not in silence, but with thanksgiving, as soon as it appeared. But who was the father or author of these words of thanksgiving at the lighting of the lamps, we cannot say."

Communications.

For The Messenger.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Parochial Missionary Societies.

In another part of this week's paper the reader will find the draft of a constitution for missionary societies in our congregations and Sunday-schools, prepared by the Executive Council of the Board of Missions at a recent meeting. It has, as a matter of course, no binding force. It is intended simply to assist ministers and congregations in the organization of such auxiliary societies among themselves. It may, therefore, be enlarged or diminished in size, altered or amended in any of its parts, just as far as may appear to be necessary to promote the object in view. It is believed, however, that it will not require much in the way of change or alteration, and that it will pretty generally suit the circumstances of our congregations, whether in rural districts or in the towns. In country charges, especially where the members live at a considerable distance from the church, it will be most convenient for such societies to meet on Sunday, either before or after divine services. In towns and cities, it will probably be found to be best for them to meet on some evening during the week, and if so, they will most likely take the place of monthly concerts of prayer for missions. The time most suitable for these meetings will no doubt be selected.

The peculiarity of these societies is stated in their object or design as defined in the constitution already referred to. It is to secure weekly contributions of one penny or more for the cause of missions from the membership of the Church, whether old or young. The principle is not new. It has been employed with good effect in all the churches. It is coming into vogue more and more in our own Church, and wherever it has been properly applied among us, it has not failed to bear good fruit. It is involved in what has come to be known as the "apostolic plan," according to which the Corinthian brethren were requested by the Apostle Paul on the first day of the week to lay by them in store, as God had prospered them (1 Cor. xvi. 2). It is believed to be the best adapted to cultivate and bring out the benevolence of our own Church. Thus far we have in great measure failed to accomplish that which might be reasonably expected of us. Many of our people contribute liberally and cheerfully for the spread of the gospel, but many of them do not. So it is in all churches, but with us a large majority of our population do little or nothing for missions. The yearly report of our treasurer proves this; otherwise our contributions for this cause would be five or ten times what they are now. Why is this? Some say it is because our German people are so covetous and close-fisted, that they cannot be induced to give to benevolent objects. There are doubtless such among us, just as they are found in all other communities; but we have found them everywhere, when properly informed, willing to give, willing to do their part. Three causes have been assigned for our remissness in this respect, which are equally unsatisfactory. It is our opinion, based on a pretty extensive knowledge of the situation, that, whilst many causes may exert more or less influence in keeping us back so far in the rear, the principal one will be found in defective organization. There is a want of system among us. What we need most of all is to get our people to work together according to some simple, definite plan, which they will all understand. We need something to bring out our full strength. If we can succeed in doing that, even in some respectful degree, the result will take us all by surprise. It is the object of these auxiliary societies, proposed by the Board of Missions, to bring about this better order of things. If they can be organized generally in the congregations, it is easy for any one to see what a vast stride we would make in building up the Kingdom of God on earth.

Let us see how the matter stands. In the three Synods, represented by our Board, there are over 80,000 communicants, over 100,000 members, and over 50,000 Sunday-school scholars. Our entire population probably does not fall short of a quarter of a million in all. If our adult membership and our Sunday-school scholars would give a penny a week, our income for missions in a year would amount to $75,000. If we could succeed in getting only one-third of this vast host to give in this way, which is something not extravagant to expect, if we ministers only say it shall be so, the result will be $25,000, which is about thrice as much as the whole Church, East and West, now gives for the missionary cause. Here are facts which deserve earnest thought and reflection. We hope they will arrest the attention of our ministers and members, and induce them to unite in some general effort, such as that here proposed by the Board of Missions, to gather up the pennies and throw them into the Lord's treasury. There may be some practical difficulties in the way, but all these, we think, will be surmounted by a little patience and perseverance. Some of these societies may be small at first, but we predict that they will grow and increase by their own inherent force, and that they will become as popular in our country churches as in those of the towns or cities. At least, let an honest effort be made to see whether something cannot be accomplished in this direction and in this way. Our German people like to work in some system, and not by fits and starts, in religion. Let us, therefore, afford them an opportunity to combine their energies in some suitable way. It belongs to the spirit and genius of the Reformed Church as a whole to be guided by some law or rule, and our own branch is not an exception to this remark.

We know that it is easy to propose plans, and that many of them are never carried out. But we know also of some that are carried out and are productive of much good. Many years ago the Theological Seminary was involved in financial difficulties. Its prospects were very gloomy. Then a plain farmer down in Northampton county proposed what used to be known as the Plainfield Bond Plan. It afforded the Seminary relief at the time, encouraged its friends, and prepared the way for better days in its history. More recently, a young lawyer, just entering upon a practice in which he has already reaped many laurels, proposed what came to be called the Dollar Plan in our Church for the benefit of the College. A few ministers in Eastern Pennsylvania took hold of it, recommended it to their congregations, and the amount realized in a short time was about $5,000, all of which was forwarded to the college authorities without any expense in the collection. Had it been kept alive a little while longer, and not been criticised too much, it would have produced at least five times as much as it did. As it was, with some funds already on hand for building purposes, it enabled the College to put up Harbaugh Hall, without interfering with any invested funds. These and other instances, drawn from our past history, are cited here as encouragements to make an effort to reduce our missionary operations to some degree of order and regularity. We have never yet made such an earnest effort to work up this cause as its importance and our duty clearly demand at our hands. The time has come, and the signs of the times plainly indicate, that we should initiate movements to carry it forward on a much broader basis than in former years. Our institutions of learning, intended to prepare laborers for the great harvest, are in working order, and there is no such scarcity of ministers as there used to be. Vacant charges are now scarce, and our young men entering the ministry yearly find it difficult to obtain charges. As they offer themselves for the service of the Church, it ought to open up new fields of labor, start missions wherever Providence indicates, and set them to work. In this way we will spread and increase as a denomination. In watering others, we will also be watered, and become a blessing and a praise in the [illegible]

New Mission at Washington, D. C.

The Church will no doubt be glad to learn, that the Board of Missions has secured the services of a competent person to become the pastor of the new mission at Washington. The Rev. Dr. George B. Russell, of Pittsburgh, has accepted of the call extended to him some time ago to take charge of this interest, and expects soon to remove with his family to his new field of labor. Of the importance of this new and interesting movement to build up an entirely English congregation at the capital of the nation, we shall speak more in detail in a future number of the MESSENGER.

Selected.

JOSEPH COOK'S LECTURE.

THE FAMILY.

Pliny, the younger, had two favorite villas, one in sight of the Mediterranean, and another at the edge of the Appenines. He was a pagan, but it was his fortune to write to the Emperor Trajan a famous letter, describing the habits of the early Christians. He wrote another letter, which ought to be famous, and the object of it is his wife.

"She loves me; the surest pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings; studies them; and even gets them by heart. You would smile to see the concern she is in, when I have a cause to plead; and what joy she shows when it is over. She finds means to have the first news brought her of the success I meet with in court. If I recite anything in public, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear. Sometimes she accompanies my verses with the lute, without any master except love, the best of instructors. From these instances, I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness, since her affection is not founded on my youth or person, which must gradually decay; but she is in love with the immortal part of me."

Thus reads a letter which we find in the rubbish produced as old Rome began to crumble, and as her walls fell, the gastly secrets dropping down in the debris which has not been shoveled away yet from the foundations either of her evil or of her good. There the letter sparkles like a gem, but it is pagan in every angle and in every flash of light.

Go with me now in the most pagan portion of our modern history—the period represented by the horrors of the French Revolution—and rake over the debris produced by the fall of the Bastile. Old secrets came to view when that prison of tyranny was sacked. Long buried despair found voice. Read this portion of an old letter and contrast it with Pliny's: "If, for my consolation, Monseigneur would grant me," says one of the prisoners, "for the sake of God and the most blessed Trinity, that I could have news of my dear wife, were it only her name on a card, to show that she is alive; it were the greatest consolation I could receive, and I should forever bless the greatness of Monseigneur." "Poor prisoner," says Carlyle, stern Scotchman, tender as any drop of dew, and yet bold as any lion—"poor prisoner, who namest thyself *Queret Demery*, and hast no other history, she is dead that dear wife of thine—and thou art dead! 'Tis fifty years since thy breaking heart put this question, to be heard now first, and long heard in the hearts of men."

I am to ask you to assemble to-day in Pliny's villa, and I wish you to bring with you this French prisoner, and also Hampden, from the death-field yonder at Calgrove Bridge, where he met Rupert. You know Hampden was a close associate of Cromwell's, and that attacking the enemy's ranks, he received two balls which entered the shoulder, and were reflected into his body. His head dropped and his hands sunk on the neck of his horse. He rode feebly off the field; and tradition, Macaulay says, represents him as looking up, putting his hand upon his forehead and gazing long upon the manor house of his father-in-law, from which in his youth he had taken away his wife [illegible] Stern Puritan, no doubt a wilted nature, desiccated by a false creed, you say; but Hampden's figure there, striving in death to ride toward the home from which he carried off his bride, is dignified as John Milton's, dignified as Cromwell's, and as little desiccated as either. Bring Hampden, bring the poor French prisoner, and bring one other person to Pliny's villa. Cornelia, wife of Titus Gracchus, the mother of the renowned Roman Gracchi, lived in a house which was once assailed by two serpents. The augur said that if the male serpent was allowed to escape and the other killed, Cornelia would die before her husband, but that if the female was allowed to escape and the male killed, the husband would die first. Titus Gracchus, than whom there has never been a more affectionate husband, although a pagan, told the augurs at once to put fortune on the side of his wife. He trusted the augurs and their prophecy did happen to come true. He died before his wife and left her with twelve children, among them the celebrated Gracchi. She rejected every offer of marriage, because she said her marriage with Titus Gracchus continued. She was offered the hand of Ptolemy, king of Egypt, but, says Valerius Maximus, old pagan: "The buried ashes of her husband seemed to lie so cold at her heart that the splendor of a diadem and all the pomp of a rich kingdom were not able to warm it so as to make it capable of receiving the impression of a new love."

Bring Hampden, bring the French prisoner, bring Cornelia, bring the Pompeiian daughter of whom we heard lately, bring Panthea, bring Phocion's wife. Sit down here in Pliny's villa, in sight of the Mediterranean, or sit down in that other residence of his gazing on the Appenines, and watch his face and theirs, while I read two sets of propositions. I will summarize first in Pliny's presence, and in that of Phocion's wife and Panthea and Cornelia, what I suppose to be the dictate of natural law concerning the details of marriage. I know what I venture, but I am assembling this pagan tribunal in order that we may have an unprejudiced hearing. It is supposed that those who, in modern times, have received a Christian education, cannot decide on this topic without prejudice; therefore I have gathered here a jury, before which, in contrasted propositions, I am willing to put scientific thought and unscientific concerning marriage.

1. Pagan ideas of marriage make a supreme affection its only natural basis.

Cornelia bows her head, so does Panthea, so does Phocion's wife. Are there any free-lovers that dare peep into the door of Pliny's villa, after having heard this letter? Do they open a crevice or some window, and peer in fearingly to find where the secrets are here, that justify their contempt of human nature and their unwillingness to believe that there are sound hearts on the planet? If they look through this lattice, if they gaze through that crevice of a door yonder, if behind them any of the old Roman patrons of the Saturnalia stand, let both the ancient and modern pagans look into the face of this jury while I plead my cause. I do not wish to speak in a corner. Pagan ideals led this Panthea, this Cornelia, this Pliny, this daughter of Pompeii, to make a supreme affection the basis of marriage, and they were acting from almighty instinct; they were uttering the voice of untutored human nature; they certainly spoke without Christian prejudice.

2. A supreme affection can exist only between two.

Cornelia thinks that this holds good even after the death of one of the two. I am not asking her to make a rule of that proposition. There may be a second supreme affection, and perhaps a third, but I am not one of those who revere a second as a first, nor a third as a second. [Applause.] There were Roman poets who held up to contempt certain ladies who counted their years by the number of their divorces. If you wish to bring to Pliny's countenance, or to that of Phocion's wife, or to that of Cornelia, a look of supreme scorn and loathing, recite to them the deeds of those black spirits of the corrupt Neronic Roman days. We see the faces of those women yonder through the lattice and crevice and the doors; and, side by side with them, those of the Brisbanes and the Swinburnes, our modern pagans. [Applause.] I know where I am speaking and over thin ice I pass, but it is not the custom of any one who reveres science to avoid difficulties. I have now thrown away the use of the whole right wing of the army, which I might ask for as my support. I believe in the Christian ideals.

3. In the very nature of the case, therefore, since a supreme affection is the only natural basis of marriage, the law of monogamy is scientifically justified.

It has already been shown here, that the law of coequal heredity justifies monogamy. Long before great Nature awakens in any animal moral consciousness, it begins to weed out polygamy, even from the brute race: and when at last your king of the forest appears, the lion is a monogamist. We find that as the animals rise in the scale there are more and more hints in the direction of the social arrangements which afterwards show themselves to be natural in the human case; and that thus, from the earliest development of life up to its highest, Nature—by which we mean always God's will expressed in His works—prepares a place for the human home and for supreme affections between two. Even your Swedenborg, whom it was my sad duty to criticise on a few points, says there is such a thing on the globe as a supreme, heavenly, conjugal affection between two. This is a fact of history, of human experience, absolutely indisputable. Now, since this style of affection can exist only between two, the law of monogamy is scientifically justified.

4. It follows, also, that until a supreme affection exists, a marriage cannot take place naturally.

5. The fact of the existence of a supreme affection between two is to be ascertained by adequate tests.

6. When only those who have an adequately tested supreme affection for each other are married, no fundamentally unhappy marriages will occur.

7. Every marriage without a supreme affection is against natural, and ought to be against social law.

8. When marriages are natural, according to this definition, the best possible means are the preservation of the best of the race are brought into action.

9. When marriages are natural, according to this definition, children's rights are likely to be adequately protected.

10. When marriage is natural, according to this definition, the family obtains in marriage its scientific justification.

11. When marriages and families are natural in this sense, all infidel attacks on the family become futile and blasphemous from the point of view of the scientific method.

We look through the lattice work and find that we have interested listeners among the social quacks and pagans of ancient and modern times. I do not make broad charges, but I undertake to say this, that I have not met, thus far in life, any advocate of the blasphemous doctrines in the social range of philosophy, who has not been more or less a practiser of infamous theories. [Applause.] Unhappy, unnatural marriages make people declaim against natural marriages. But how do unhappy marriages occur? By violation of natural law proclaimed in all the deepest instincts—rough, hap-hazard, audacious violation of the most sacred instincts of man and woman!

Family Reading.

VIOLETS.

To-day I saw fresh violets flow
'Twixt withered leaves and lingering snow,
Autumn above, Winter below,
With Spring contending:
There lie the beech-leaves brown and sere,
The whiteness of the snow is here,
Between them purple blooms appear,
Their odors blending.

So, yielding not to dead regrets,
Or wintry trouble which besets
The present—like the violets
Our lives shall borrow
A brightness for the passing hour
From trust in that benignant Power
Which bids us, like the thriftless flower,
Fear no to-morrow.

Like Autumn leaves joys pass away,
And storm-clouds vex us day by day,
Present and past have much to say
Our souls to sadden:
But simple trust will still find grace
To sweeten and adorn its place,
And show a calm, contented face
The world to gladden.

Then let us leave the past behind,
And meet the present with a mind
Which breathes a fragrance on the wind
Of tribulation:
Care, like unseasonable snow,
Soon melts before the purple glow
Which violets of hope will throw
Round any station.

—*Richard Wilton.*

LITTLE JEAN'S LETTER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.

Jean made up his mind to write a letter to the good Lord. In France, when the peasants and poor people want something very much, they not only ask the good Lord for it, but they write a letter to Him; and one can often see poor women and children, with pale, sad faces, entering the churches and laying a little letter on the altar, feeling that if He sees it there day and night, He will be sure to remember their petition. And I would like to know if, in all the literature of all the ages, there could be anything more touching, and sweet, and simple, than these letters to the good Lord.

Jean was six years old, and he wore a pair of trousers, all worn out at the knees. His hair was blonde and curly, and so thick and beautiful, and there was enough of it to have dressed the heads of two lovely ladies. He had a pair of great blue eyes, that tried to smile sometimes, though they had already wept so often. He had a little jacket, quite nicely cut, but all falling into pieces, and on his right foot a girl's shoe, and on the other a boy's, both of them too long and large for him, alas! and too full of holes, and they turned up in front and wanted heels behind. He was hungry and cold, for it was a winter's night, and he had been fasting since the day before at noon, when the idea came to him of writing a letter to the good Lord.

You are wondering how he could do it, poor little Jean! It is true, he could not write any more than he could read.

Far away in the quarter of Gros-Caillon on the corner of an avenue, and not far from the Park, was the small cabin of a public writer. A great many petitions and demands from the government were made in this country of retired warriors; and whether the government was headed by a king, an emperor, or a president, it was all the same, for old soldiers' letters have rarely any political prejudices in them. The "editor," as he was called in the quarter, was an old soldier himself, rather bad-tempered, though with a good heart—and ah! he was not rich, and besides, was so unfortunate as not to be quite maimed and wounded enough to get admission into the *Hotel des Invalides*, where all the old soldiers are sent who have no legs or arms to speak of.

Well, Jean saw him through the dirty windows of his cabin, smoking his pipe and waiting for business, so he went in and said:

"Good-day; I have come to have a letter written."

"It's ten sous," replied Pere Bouin; for this old warrior, who was perhaps the hundred thousandth part of the glory of a Marshal of France, was called Pere Bouin. Jean, who had no cap to take off, pulled the front lock of his curly hair, and making a bow, said politely: "Then, excuse me!" and he opened the door to go out; but Papa Bouin thought him such a nice little fellow, he said to him:

"Art thou the son of a soldier, little one?"

"No," replied little Jean; "I am mamma's son, who is all alone."

"Ah!" said the "editor," "I know; and thou hast not ten sous?"

"Oh! no; I have no sous at all."

"Thy mother, neither? Ah! one can see that. You want a letter written so as to have something to make soup—eh! little one?"

"Yes," replied Jean, "exactly."

"Advance! For ten lines and a half a sheet of paper I shall not be much the poorer."

Jean obeyed. Papa Bouin arranged his paper, dipped his pen in the ink, and traced in a fine school-master's hand: "Paris, the 17th January, 1857." Then, on the next line, "To Monsieur"—— "What is the name, bibi?"

"Whose?" asked Jean.

"Why, the Monsieur's, of course."

"What Monsieur?"

"Why, the individual for the soup?"

Jean understood this time, and replied:

"It is not for Monsieur."

"Ah! well, for a lady, then?"

"No; not for that either."

"*Nom de bleu!*" cried Papa Bouin, "dost thou not know to whom thou wishest to write a letter?"

"Ah! yes, indeed," replied the child.

"Well, then, say who it is, and hurry thyself."

Little Jean grew crimson. The fact is, it is not so easy to apply to public writers for such correspondence as his. However, he mustered up his courage, and said: "It is to the good Lord to whom I want to send a letter." Papa Bouin did not laugh. He laid down his pen and took his pipe out of his mouth. "Little one," said he severely, "I don't suppose thou meanst to make fun of an old soldier of the line. Thou art too little to strike. But, wheel! Turn to the left and go!"

Little Jean obeyed, and turned on his heels—I mean on those of his feet, for his shoes had none,—and started to go; but seeing him so sweet and obedient, Papa Bouin changed his mind a second time, and looked at him more closely.

"*Nom de—nom de—nom de—nom!*" he muttered. "There is, after all, no end of want in this Paris. What is thy name, bibi?"

"Jean."

"Jean what?"

"Nothing but Jean."

Papa Bouin felt his eyes smarting, but he shrugged his shoulders. "And what dost thou want to say to thy good Lord?"

"I want to tell Him that mamma has been asleep since yesterday at four o'clock, and I want him to wake her up, for I cannot."

The old soldier's heart felt numb, for he was afraid he understood what was the matter. However, he went on asking: "But what was that thou saidst about soup, a little while ago?"

"Oh! well," replied the child, "because she wants some. Before she went to sleep, mamma gave me the last piece of bread."

"And she,—what has she eaten?"

"She had said for two days, 'I am not hungry.'"

"What didst thou do when thou didst try to wake her?"

"Oh! well, I kissed her, as I always do."

"Did she breathe?"

Jean smiled, and his smile made him look so pretty. "I don't know," replied he; "don't mothers always breathe?"

Papa Bouin turned away his head, for two large tears were running down his cheeks. He did not answer the child's question, but he said, in a voice that trembled a little:

"When thou didst kiss her, didst thou notice nothing?"

"Yes; she was cold, it is so cold at home!"

"And she shivered a little, didn't she?"

"Oh! no. She looked beautifully, beautifully. Her two hands, that did not move, were crossed on her breast, and were so white! And her head was thrown back on the pillow, so that through the opening in her shut eye-lids she seemed as if she was looking up into heaven."

Papa Bouin thought to himself; "I have envied the rich, I who eat and drink as much as I want; and here is one dead of hunger—of hunger?" He called the child, who went to him, and he put him on his knees and said to him, gently: "Little one, thy letter is written, and sent, and received. Take me to thy mother."

"I will be very glad to do so. But why are you crying?" Jean asked, with astonishment.

"I am not crying," replied the old soldier, who was smothering him with kisses and covering him with tears. "But thou wilt cry, little Jean, poor dear! Dost thou know I love thee as though thou wert my own son? It is foolish, perhaps. But, ah! I had a mother once, also; a long time ago to be sure, but I seem to see her on her death-bed, where, as she was leaving me, she said: 'Bouin, be an honest man and a good Christian.' There was a picture of our Saviour hanging by the side of her bed—a little picture that only cost two sous,—which seemed to smile, and which I loved, and whose memory has come back to my heart again. And I have been an honest man; but as to a good Christian—ah! me." Then he rose, still holding the child in his arms and pressing him to his heart, and added, as though he were speaking to some invisible person: "Behold, old mother—behold, and be happy. My friends may laugh at me if they like; but where thou hast gone I want to go too; and I will take this little one, poor child, to you; and he shall never leave me till then, because his rascally little letter, which was not even written, has received two answers; it has given him a father and found for me a heart."

. . . . . .

The poor woman, who had died from want, was never awakened on this earth. Who was she? I never knew, nor what had been the martyrdom of her life.

But somewhere in Paris there is a man, still young, who is an "editor," but not in a cabin like Papa Bouin. He writes many eloquent things, and you all know his name. But we will call him simply Jean, as in the old days.

Papa Bouin is now a happy old man, always honest, and moreover a good Christian. He takes great pride in the success of his "little one," as he still sometimes calls his illustrious adopted son, and he said, for it was he who told me this little story: "I know not who is the postman who delivers those kind of letters; but I know one thing—they always reach their address in heaven!"
—*Helen Stanley, in Baldwin's Monthly.*

"DUST ON YOUR GLASSES."

I don't often put on glasses to examine Katy's work; but one morning not long since I did so, upon entering a room she had been sweeping.

"Did you forget to open the windows when you swept, Kitty?" I inquired; "this room is very dusty."

"I think there is dust on your eye-glasses, ma'am," she said, modestly. And sure enough the eye-glasses were at fault, and not Katy. I rubbed them off, and everything looked bright and clean, the carpet like new, and Katy's face said, "I'm glad it was the glasses, and not me, this time." "This has taught me a good lesson," I said to myself, upon leaving the room, "and one I shall remember through life."

That evening Katy came to me with some kitchen trouble. The cook had done so and so, and she had said so and so. When her story was finished, I said, smiling: "There is dust on your glasses, Katy; rub them off, and you will see better." She understood me, and left the room.

I told the incident to the children, and have since had occasion to hear them say to each other, "O, there's dust on your glasses." Sometimes I am referred to: "Mamma, Harry has dust on his glasses; can't he rub them off?"

When I hear a person criticising another, condemning, perhaps, a course of action he knows nothing about, drawing inferences prejudicial to the person or persons, I think right away, "There's dust on your glasses; rub it off." The truth is, everybody wears these very same glasses, only the dust is a little thicker on some than on others, and needs harder rubbing to get it off.

I said this to John one day, some little matter coming up that called forth the remark: "There are some people I wish would begin to rub, then," said he. "There is Mr. So and So and Mrs. So and So; they are always ready to pick at some one, to slur, to hint; I don't know, I don't like them." "I think my son John has a wee bit on his glasses just now." He laughed and asked, "What is a body to do?" "Keep your own well rubbed up, and you will not know whether others need it or not." "I will," he replied. I think, as a family, we are all profiting by that little incident, and through life will never forget the meaning of: "There's dust on your glasses."

MOTHERS.

"I shall never forget," said Kant, in his old age, "that it was my mother who caused to fructify the good which is in my soul." Cuvier, it is said, attributed to his mother all the pleasure of his studies and the glory of his discoveries. "I used to draw under her superintendence, and read aloud books of history and general literature. It is thus that she developed in me that love of reading, and that curiosity for all things which were the spring of my life." Byron's mother, a woman "full of caprice and pride, whose narrow mind was only expanded by vanity, hatred and revenge, who pitilessly made a jest of the natural infirmity of her child," engrafted in his heart her corrosive passions, and made his life a curse to himself, and to others, despite his genius. Lamartine, over whose cradle was shed the light of a tender mother's love, under her tuition developed that genius (a spark of which is said to be implanted in every soul) until it resembled incense, the perfumes of which are diffused over the earth; but which burns only for heaven." It has been said, "Good teachers make good scholars, but it is only mothers that form men. Rather should it be said: It is only mothers (or women with mother hearts) who possess the power of inspiring that love of virtue and knowledge which, when once established in the soul, enables a man to "mould his own material, quarry his own nature, and make his own character" what it should be; for this is a work that no one can do for him.—*Home Journal.*

DISCOURAGEMENTS.

Discouraged, little maiden,
Because your sum is hard?
"A merry heart makes figures smile,
They mock your sadness all this while,
With sunny face and purpose strong,
The answer will come ere long."

Discouraged, anxious mother?
The child must be a child,
"Serious thoughts will come with years;
With hopeful heart instead of tears
Sow goodly seed ere youth be gone;
The reaping comes anon."

Discouraged, weary teacher?
Call you your labor vain?
"The little hands that restless play,
And rise before you day by day,
In life's stern school may bear brave part
O weary one, take heart!"

Discouraged, faithful pastor?
Hast toiled and waited long?
"Thou may'st not know the flames divine
Kindled in hearts by words of Thine;
Waiting is weary, but—the crown!
Brave soul, be not cast down!"

Discouraged, Christian soldier,
Because the fight goes hard?
"The more the need of your strong arm,
Up! bravely sound the loud alarm!
The watchword is, 'Eternal life!'
On, to the mortal strife!"

—*Zion's Herald.*

WILL HE SUCCEED?

In nine cases out of ten, man's life will not be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or the vanity of father or mother has kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if instead of taking his turn at pitching off he stowed away all the time—in short, if what was light always fell to him, and what was heavy about the work to some one else; if he has been permitted to shirk, until shirking has become a habit, unless a miracle has been wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half so much his as that of his weak and foolish parents.

On the other hand, if a boy has been brought to do his part, never allowed to shirk his responsibility, or to dodge work whether or not it made his head ache, or soiled his hands, until bearing burdens has become a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his choice, parents as they bid him good-bye may dismiss their fear. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his capacity.

THE EDUCATION OF AFTER-LIFE.

Spend, if possible, one hour each day in reading some good and great book. The number of such books is not too many to overwhelm you. Every one who reflects on the former years of his education can lay his finger on half a dozen, perhaps even fewer, which have made a lasting impress upon his mind. Treasure up these. It is not only the benefits which you yourselves derive from them—it is the impression which they leave upon you of the lasting power of that which is spiritual and immaterial. How many in all classes of life may say of their own experience, that which was said in speaking of his library, by one who was my own earliest literary delight, Robert Southey:

"My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

"My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind."

But it is not by books, whether of literature or science, that the self-education of after-life is assisted. When Joan of Arc was examined before her ecclesiastical judges, and was taunted with the reproach, that such marvelous things as she professed to have seen and heard, and done, were not found written in any book which they had studied, she answered in a spirit akin, and in some respects superior, to the well-known lines in which Hamlet replies to Horatio. She replied, "My Lord God has a book in which are written many things which even the most learned clerk and scholar has never come across." Then there is the yet deeper education to be derived by those who have senses exercised to discern between true and false, between good and evil, from the great flux and reflux of human affairs, with which the peculiarity of our times causes all to become more or less conversant. One of the experiences which the education of life brings with it, or ought to bring with it, is an increasing sense of the difference between what is hollow and what is real, what is artificial and what is honest, what is permanent and what is transitory. "There are," says Goethe, in a proverb pointed out to me long ago by Lord Houghton as a summary of human wisdom, "many echoes in the world, but few voices." It is the business of the education of after-life to make us more and more alive to this distinction.—*Dean Stanley.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

COCOANUT MERINGUE.—One grated cocoanut, one pint of milk, half tablespoonful butter, the grated rind of one lemon, the yolks of four eggs. Beat all well together, and bake fifteen minutes. Beat the whites with half a pint of sugar, the juice of the lemon, and spread on the top—and put it again into the oven and bake ten minutes.

This is a Southern receipt, and very nice; but we think it is improved by adding two scant tablespoonfuls of sugar to the milk before the first baking.

It would be well if the daughters in every family could be taught practical housekeeping by being suffered to buy the necessary supplies for the household from time to time. Of course the girls would need some supervision, possibly much instruction, and at first mistakes would be unavoidable. But the advantages of such a proceeding are manifest; they would soon learn prices and values, and how to decide between qualities and kinds, whether of provisions or clothing, while a knowledge of the cost of articles in daily use would beget prudence in their using. No mother of grown daughters can afford to let her daughters be ignorant of this most important branch of womanly knowledge, to say nothing of the fact, that she would find able and effective helpers in daughters thus, taught, who would lighten her cares, and give her more leisure to enjoy their pleasures. Mothers, try it!—*Christian Intelligencer.*

SIMPLE METHOD OF VENTILATING ROOMS.—Nail or screw a neat strip of wood, from one to two inches high, upon the window sill, just inside of the sash and extending entirely across from one side of the window-frame to the other. Upon the top of this strip fasten a piece of ordinary weather strip, so that there will be formed an air-tight joint between the weather strip and the lower sash of the window, whether the latter is shut down tight or raised an inch or two, the lower cross-piece of the sash sliding on the rubber of the weather strip as the sash rises. With this in place, the lower sash may be raised enough to admit a stream of air between the sashes, where they lap over each other at the middle of the window, without admitting the least air at the window sill. The air admitted between the sashes is thrown directly up towards the ceiling, and there mixes with the heated air at the upper part of the room. The room is thereby ventilated without drafts of cold air. The fixture should be applied to several windows in a room. The amount of ventilation may be regulated by the distance that the lower sash is raised. This arrangement is cheap, simple and effective.—*Scientific American.*

ADORNMENTS FOR A DINNER TABLE.—Still more *a la mode* is it to adorn the centre of the table with trays of varied forms, the trays being concealed beneath a mass of flowers; the flowers are kept as low as possible, in imitation of parterre gardening. These trays of flowers have entirely superseded the high epergne, which is certainly very elegant, but which possesses the disadvantage of entirely shutting out those who face it from the view of their opposite neighbors. We consider that the low trays are a great improvement; they are made in silver and electroplate, and are fitted with glass; Japanese trays, which are now very reasonable in price, answer every purpose for this kind of table decoration. At dinners *a la Russe*, flowers occupy with the dessert the whole space unoccupied by the plates of the *convives*. In the real Russian banquet, the table is extremely narrow, the ladies all walk in together and are followed by the gentlemen, who sit opposite them, the servants come and hand round every dish, the vegetables are served in separate compartments of a large round dish. When the dessert is handed round, the guests help themselves to all they are likely to require at once; the dessert is replaced upon the table, and not again touched. On retiring from table, the ladies again precede the gentlemen, and all take their departure at once, unless invited especially to spend the evening—a custom that might be followed with advantage at many reunions out of Russia.

Miscellaneous.

THE FLOWER OF THE FIELD.

There grew a poppy in a plot of corn,
And three men went thereby, before the heat
Had drawn from out the field beneath their feet
The freshness of the dewdrops and the morn.
Then did the loveliness of that lone flower
Strike in upon the sense of all the three;
And one, a youth, spake in that thoughtful hour,
And said, "Methinks this poppy well might be
Some rich dark southern beauty, sleepy-sweet,
Girt with a bending ring of gracious men."
The second, one that was of riper years,
Made answer, "Nay, a blood-red banner, torn,
By steel of strife, and blown with winds of war,
And grounded round by ranks of shining spears."
Then spake to them the third, whose head was hoar,—
"Death comes to love and war; what aid they then?
This flower has one speech only unto me,
That man is as the grass, and all his pride
Of war, and beauty of love shall suddenly
Fade like the flowers in the sad autumn-tide;
The wind sweeps over them, and they are gone!"
And thereupon those three went silent on,
And the low sunlight lay uncrossed by shade,
Until a maiden came, who hummed a song
For very gladness, as she tripped along,
The freshness of the morning in her eyes;
Nor was she moved as they, in any wise,
To any thought of that which makes afraid,
But stopped and plucked the poppy from the ground,
And set it on the whiteness of her dress,
And so passed on, with added loveliness.
No hidden inner meaning had she found,
Nor thought of strife or death to make her sad,—
The sole sweet beauty was enough for her;
She took God's thought, the poppy, and was glad,—
So was she Nature's best interpreter.

—*Spectator.*

HOW THE SULTAN MARRIES A DAUGHTER.

The marriage of princesses, on whose expenses, as the Hatti Hamayoun of 1858 stated, no savings could be effected, deserves special notice. If one of the Sultan's daughters has attained the age at which Turkish girls are generally married, the father seeks a husband for her among the nobles at his court. If a young man especially pleases her, he is given the rank of lieutenant-general, nothing lower being ever selected. The chosen man receives, in addition, a magnificent fully-furnished palace, and sixty *thousand piastres a month, pocket money;* and in addition, his father-in-law defrays all the house-keeping expenses. The bridegroom is not always over and above pleased at being selected. If he be married, he is obliged to get a divorce—he must never have a wife or mistress in addition to the princess; and moreover, he is regarded as the servant rather than the husband of his wife. The sultan himself announces to him his impending good fortune, and it is his bounden duty to bow reverently, kiss the sultan's feet, and stammer a few words about the high honor, the unexpected happiness, etc. He then proceeds with a chamberlain, who bears the imperial Hatt to the sublime porte. A military band precedes him, and soldiers are drawn up along the road, who present arms. At the head of the stairs the bridegroom is received by the grand vizier, conducted by him into a room where all the ministers are assembled, and the Hatt is read aloud. This ceremony corresponds to the betrothal.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Paris is making her toilet for the reception of the gay company she expects here in May next. All the public buildings are being furnished up on their exteriors, and those in process of reconstruction, such as the Hotel de Ville and others, are rapidly pushed to completion. By the time the exhibition opens, the Boulevard St. Germain, the Avenue de l'Opera, the Rue des Pyramides will have been finished and lined with handsome houses of uniform architecture, their upper stories for residences and the ground floors for shops, cafes, etc. A great number of new dwellings in the more elegant streets have been put up. Year by year Paris is attracting more strangers as a permanent place of residence. The vast number of furnished apartments in all quarters of the city renders living *en famille* very easy. You have nothing to do but to unpack your trunks and light the fires, and you are at home. The *pendules* are ticking on the mantelpieces of all the rooms, the beds are ready made, the carpets are all down, and not an article of household furniture is wanting. Only be careful to have an exact list of contents, and of every piece of crockery and its condition, for you will be held to a strict responsibility at the end of the term. Some of the landladies are veritable sharpers, and they always have the *juge de paix* on their side, as aldermen with you are for the plaintiff who brings them business.

There was an apprehension at one time that the hotels would increase their rates to an exorbitant figure. This is not to take place, as, at the recent meeting of the principal hotel proprietors, it was decided that only a small increase should be made on the present charges, and this in general confined to the visitors taking their meals out of the hotel. There are abundance of hotels at Paris in the region near the Tuileries Gardens, the Place Vendome, the Rue de Rivoli, the Boulevards, etc., where comfortable quarters may be had at rates to suit all purses, the cost of everything included being from 10 francs to 30 francs a day. English is spoken by some of the servants at pretty much all of them, and not a few of them are kept by Englishmen. For my part, as a bachelor, I like a snug little apartment such as that I occupy in the Rue Louis le Grand, with the privilege of eating where I please. If I find myself at the Bois de Boulogne at my dinner hour, I dine there in one of the *chalets*, where I have a view of the brilliant throng of ladies on horseback, and in open *caleche* in their fascinating toilets, and the moving mass of carriages on that favorite promenade. Sometimes, too, I take the tramway to the Jardin des Plantes, and after amusing myself for a few hours with looking at the rare birds and animals in that wonderful collection, and at the pranks of the monkeys, I step over to a neighboring restaurant and dine *a la carte*. Everywhere in this metropolis of epicurism you are sure to have a good dinner, to have it politely served by a well-dressed waiter, and withal a bottle of excellent wine to wash it down. I don't mean the high alcoholic wines English and Americans so much delight in, but pure, mild wines that stimulate but do not intoxicate. The tramway is getting to be a very popular institution here. We have them in every direction, so that all the quarters of this immense city are now connected together by this pleasing mode of locomotion. Work has been commenced on one this week, that is to enclose the Exhibition buildings.

The Trocadero, where the Palace of Fine Arts is placed on the Exhibition grounds, will accommodate over 7,000 spectators. Its dome will be 16 feet higher than that of St. Peter's at Rome. The concert hall will hold 5,000 people, and the orchestra, though made for 400 performers, can be extended so as to seat 1,000. The organ will be 40 feet high and be blown by a small steam engine. There is to be a special picture gallery of French artists and an exhibition of French fashions and costumes of all ages, with designs by Worth and rival fashion dictators of styles of dress for the future. The French section will be a magnificent display of every branch of French production, science, manufacturers, ornamental and useful arts, etc. The pavilion of the city of Paris in the centre of the Exhibition grounds on the Champ de Mars will contain models of everything relating to this great city—its prisons, its public works, its system of paving and drainage, its underground sewers, etc., with a collection of documents giving an insight into all the arcana of the municipal administration. There will be nothing worth knowing about France and its brilliant capital which will not be found in the French department. The scientific and literary department will of itself repay a visit. Among other features of the Exhibition will be a display of all the latest inventions of electric light apparatus, and of the telephone and its various offshoots, such as the phonograph, etc. Electric lights are to be set up on the *Pont de la Concorde*, which will illuminate the river banks with their powerful rays during the Exhibition months. The lights will be in high bronze columns, and there will also be thirty-six gas lamps on each side of the bridge. Such a flood of light will be thrown on the Seine that the omnibus steamers plying on it during the Exhibition can make their trips on its crowded waters in perfect safety. The Champ de Mars, on which the Exhibition stands, is an immense open plain for military exercises. You would hardly recognize it now with its flower beds, its carpet of verdure, and its groves. As for the Trocadero, with its splendid cascade tumbling over a precipice of Jura marble, at the rate of 36,000 cubic metres of water per diem; its gardens, its aquarium stocked with fish from all parts of the world, its restaurants with the cuisine of all nationalities, etc., it will be a magnificent and never-tiring attraction. As some people would like to make a trip heavenward, there will be an enormous balloon, over 100 feet in diameter, and capable of containing fifty persons at a time, for their use. It will be securely held to the earth by ropes, but of sufficient length to let its occupants soar a few hundred feet in the air.

To obviate the trouble of selling tickets and taking money on the Exhibition ground, single and season tickets, manufactured at the Bank of France by a system that does not admit of forgery, will be sold at available points throughout the city and the country. A season ticket, which must contain the portrait of the owner, and not transferable, will cost one hundred francs. On the 3d of August there will be an international musical display, and for those who like fine horses, draft and driving, and fat cattle, and the wool-bearing animals, there will be a collection from all parts of the world in the enclosures on the Champ de Mars. In fine, you may rely on it, the world will never again see such a magnificent Exhibition as that to open in May next, and Paris never will be robed in such splendor. The most jealous of her rivals will confess that she is the Queen of all the cities of the earth.—*The Press.*

AN EGYPTIAN COFFEE-HOUSE.

The house itself is not exactly dirty, but the landlord always is so, since he sits at the fire in the middle of the room, like the stoker of an engine. A large pot of hot water is always on the fire; a panikin, either without a cover or with a fragmentary one, serves to make ready any single order. The frequenters of the coffee-house are of the poorer sort, such as artisans, petty shop-keepers, attendants on public offices, Turkish soldiers, seldom a peasant. The civilian prefers the floor, and despises the chair standing beside him, leaving it to the more honorable customers, the Turkish soldiers, to wit. One man finds it exceedingly comfortable to assume a crouching position intermediate between sitting and standing, with his knees much bent, so that his hands come within a few inches of the floor, but do not touch it; another in a similar position supports himself on the floor with his legs bent, and his arms clasped around them, a third sits with his legs crossed in the well-known position in which tailors sit. In the one hand the guest holds the small cup containing hot coffee, tasting and sipping the beverage; in the other the long pipe-stem, with the broad smooth amber mouth-piece to his mouth. Here a customer had laid himself down on his side, resting his head upon his elbow, the feet carelessly stretched out; there another had sunk into a deep slumber. Over there is a group of domino-players lying on their bellies; in the background a rakish fellow may be noticed dallying with a hetæra. From time to time a peculiar gurgling, bubbling sound is heard; it proceeds from the nargileh or hookah, a kind of tobacco-pipe which has scarcely established itself anywhere but in the east. A person who gives himself up to this enjoyment smokes from the chest. The smoke from the tobacco rises with a slight noise through the water in the hollow of a cocoa-nut, and being thus purified, is sucked through the tube or stem, which is either flexible or made of a reed. It penetrates deep into the lungs of the smoker, and only a small portion issues from the chest again in the next respiration. It may be suspected that many, indeed most, of those who smoke the hookah, put into their pipe, in addition to the innocent Persian tobacco, a little pill of hashish, the well-known narcotic prepared from Indian hemp. Already a few may, perhaps, have smoked themselves into a state of the most rapturous happiness, yet the intoxication is of a mild and good-natured, often humorously loquacious kind, and is mainly characterized by mental delusions. On the whole, there reigns in these resorts of the common people a stillness and gravity peculiar to the Oriental.

THE FOOT AND THE POUND.

The foot and the pound are found in every country, and have evidently been derived directly from the Romans. But they can claim a far higher antiquity, for Mr. Chisholm traces their origin to the Babylonians or Chaldæans, who, as units of length, used both the cubit and the foot. These were subsequently adopted by the Egyptians, who introduced considerable variety, so that there is no little confusion between the different kinds of cubit and foot. The natural cubit, of about 18 inches, and the foot, which was two-thirds of this length, were transferred to Greece, and, the cubit having fallen into disuse, the foot became the standard of the Romans. At the same time the double cubit, which was equivalent to three feet, would appear to have survived in the form of the ell of mediæval Europe, and in that of our own yard. As all these measures were originally derived from the proportions of the human body, some caution is necessary in referring their origin to remote antiquity rather than directly to the length of the forearm or of the foot. It must be admitted, however, that the coincidence of length among all civilized nations is very striking. The derivation of the pound weight is more complicated. The earlier Tower pound appears to have been of Roman origin, being presumably identical with the Greek-Asiatic mina, while the hundredweight corresponded to the talent or weight of a cubic foot of water. Subsequently the Troy pound was substituted, and, for commercial transactions, the pound avoirdupois, from the old French pound of 16 ounces. It is evident, however, that our weights and measures in the dark ages were in an unsettled state and subject to arbitrary alterations at the will of the monarchs.—*The Saturday Review.*

Selections.

Shall I grudge to spend my life for Him, who did not grudge to shed His life-blood for me?—*Beveridge.*

A Christian has nothing to call his own, save Christ and His salvation; all the rest is surrendered to God.

The quality of Mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesses him that gives and him that takes.
—*Shakespeare.*

He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.—*Dr. Whichcote.*

"Great men," says Themistocles, "are like the oaks, under the branches of which men are happy in finding a refuge in the time of storm and rain" But when they have to spend a sunny day under them, they take pleasure in cutting the bark and breaking the branches.

Every man stamps his value upon himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us. There does not live on earth a man, be his station what it may, that I despise myself compared with him. Man is made great or little by his own will.—*Schiller.*

Grow old along with me!
The best yet is to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned;"
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all; nor
be afraid. —*Mrs. Browning.*

If ever household affections and loves are graceful, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and proud to home may be forged on earth, but those that link the poor man to his humble hearth, are of pure metal and bear the stamp of heaven.—*Dickens.*

The name of Jesus is not only light, but also food; it is likewise oil, without which all the food of the soul is dry; it is salt, unseasoned by which, whatever is presented to us is insipid; it is honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, joy in the heart, medicine to the soul; and there are no charms in any discourse in which His name is not heard.

The Law.—Her seat is in the bosom of God; her voice, the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the very greatest as not exempt from her power. All—angels and men, and the creatures, of what condition soever, though each in a different sort and manner—yet all, with one consent, admire her as the mother of their peace.—*Anon.*

Prayer has its direct, spiritual and providential answers. It has also a reflex influence which we cannot afford to despise or neglect. It has a wonderful power to harmonize the moral faculties, to freshen and deepen the sensibilities, to put the mind in frame for its best process of thought, to dispel illusions, create ideals, and to stimulate to unselfish, heroic action.

O Sabbath! needed for a world of innocence, we salute thee, as thou comest in the name of the Lord, radiant in the sunshine of that dawn which broke over creation's achieved work, marching downward in the track of time, a pillar of refreshing cloud and of guiding flame, interweaving with thy light new beams of discovery and promise!—*Dr. Hamilton.*

Do I bear in mind that if I would wear the crown I must bear the cross? And does this thought, instead of enervating and depressing, rather rouse and nerve me for the Christian conflict? Does the fact that suffering is the badge of sonship reconcile me to trials that otherwise it would be impossible to bear? Do I remember that, though God's children may long walk in the vale of trial, they shall soon ascend from it to the unclouded glories of heaven?

There is nothing remarkable in bearing disappointment with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on. Men in such circumstances act bravely from motives or vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, even without hope to alleviate his misfortune can behave with tranquillity, is truly great; and whether peasant or courtier, deserves admiration, and should be held up for imitation and respect. —*Anon.*

Science and Art.

Bierstadt's latest painting, "The Shore of the Turquoise Sea," has been placed on exhibition in Boston.

Beavers in Scotland.—Near Rothesay, the Marquis of Bute has comfortably established a colony of beavers They have a pine wood and a portion of a mountain stream to themselves, and are so walled in that they cannot escape from that domain. Already they have built three dams, and have cut down many of the trees in their park. Willow boughs are given them for food, in addition to what they can themselves secure. They have bred in their new home, and seem to be flourishing.

Western Timber.—The trunk of a tree 300 feet high—or a section of it—from Mississippi, is to be among the wonders of the Paris Exhibition. Last year's geological survey in Southern Utah revealed the fact, that the areas occupied by standing timber are much smaller than those which are capable of supporting such growth. The destruction by fire greatly exceeds that of the woodman's axe, and it seems desirable that some methods for preventing forest fires should be devised, and, as a measure of public economy, adopted in Utah, and perhaps in other territories.

Lighting a Room by its Wall Paper. Referring to the suggestion made in Germany, that wall paper could be coated with oxalate of copper, which appears lighter as the room grows darker, and *vice versa*, *The Manufacturer and Builder* advances the idea, that a room might be made temporarily self-luminous by similar means. There are several salts which absorb light if exposed to it, and give it out afterwards. Among these are the sulphides of barium and strontium, and certain coal-tar extracts of the anthracene series. The best way to produce the effect would be to employ a powerful electric light in the room for a short time, until the wall paper had acquired its phosphorescent power, and then cut off the electricity and admit visitors into the room. Anything more weird than such an apartment is scarcely conceivable, and the experiment would not be exceedingly costly. It might be employed with surprising effect in the initiation performances of a secret society.

A Home made Telephone.—Professor Barrett, in a recent lecture on the telephone, gave a receipt for making a cheap one. Take a wooden tooth powder box and make a hole about the size of a half-crown in the lid and the bottom. Take a disc of tinned iron, such as can be had from a preserved meat tin and place it on the outside of the bottom of the box, and fix the cover on the other side of it. Then take a small bar magnet, place on one end a small cotton or silk reel, and round the reel wind some iron wire, leaving the ends loose. Fix one end of the magnet near, as near as possible without touching the disc, and then one part of the telephone is complete. A similar arrangement is needed for the other end. The two are connected by the wire, and with this Professor Barrett says he has been able to converse at a distance of about one hundred yards.

Counterfeit Bills.—Professor McCandless, of the United States Treasury Department, Washington, commenced a series of lectures at Science Hall, Eighth street, last week, upon "Dangerous Counterfeit Money." By means of a magic lantern and calcium lights he magnified ordinary fractional currency, greenbacks and National bank notes to the size of twelve feet in length and three feet in width. In this way the lathe-work upon the notes was depicted in clear manner. The lecturer explained that such work upon genuine bills was executed upon geometrical principles, and that any one line, or all of them, could be traced, without a break, from their beginning to their termination. In the counterfeit notes, however, the breaks were numerous. In the genuine notes, all the lines and shadows being made with a parallel ruling machine, were exactly straight; while the shadows in the imitation notes were done with a graver, and were irregular and imperfect in every instance. In numbering the bank bills, the lecturer stated, the Government used a combination of colors, which formed a bright vermillion, while the counterfeiters use all varieties of red coloring matter without producing a successful imitation. If a counterfeiter should become possessed of the lathes and parallel ruling machines used by the Government, they would be of no use to him, as they were susceptible to various combinations, all of which were registered by the Government, and while the general public might be deceived, experts, with a knowledge of these combinations, were readily enabled to discover counterfeit money.—*N. Y. Times.*

Personal.

The centenary of Rousseau's death is to be celebrated at Geneva at the end of June.

Rev. Joseph Cook, when a mere boy, wrote and published a history of his native town, Ticonderoga.

Some anxiety is felt respecting the health of the young King of Italy. He is subject to hemorrhages from the lungs.

The Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, has recently received from the Board of Aldermen of that town the sum of $200 in return for his Centennial oration.

Mrs. Frances R. Shunk, who died recently at Williamsport, Md., was the daughter of Governor Findley and the widow of Governor Shunk. She was buried at Harrisburg on Sunday, Governor Hartranft being one of the pall-bearers.

Books and Periodicals.

The Sunday at Home for March, 1878. Contents: Muriel's Key-note; Presumptuous Sins; The Bones of Joseph; Henry Rogers; The World Beyond; A Picture from a Norwegian Fisherman's Home; The Princess Mary's Village Homes; Pilgrimage to Whitchurch and Broad Oak; The Old Shoemaker; Two Pictures from Life; Chester Cathedral; Hymns of the Early Church; The Lot Appointed by God; The Hawker's Bargain; The Pulpit in the Family; Poetry; Sabbath Thoughts; Pages for the Young; Scripture Exercises; Monthly Religious Record. American Sunday-school Union; Agents for the United States.

Appleton's Journal. A Monthly Miscellany of Popular Literature; April, 1878. Contents; The American at Work; Oh! dinna ye remember, Jean; About the Ballet; Jet, Her Face or Her Fortune; New Ireland; Meridian; The Wonderful Family; A Colloquy; The Poet and the Star; By Celia's Arbor; The Caricaturist; A New Profession; John Keats and Fanny Brawne; Hepatica; A Visit to the London Cookery-School; Free, or caged; Editor's Table; Books of the Day. D. Appleton & Co., New York; price 25cts.

Littell's Living Age. The numbers of *Littell's Living Age* for the weeks ending March 9th and 16th, respectively, have the following noteworthy articles:—Dr. Schliemann's Exploration of Mycenæ, *Edinburgh Review;* Charles Sumner, *Westminster Review;* Constantinople—a Lecture delivered in Aberdeen, January 3d, 1878, by James Bryce, *Macmillan's Magazine;* A Ride for Life, *Blackwood;* Erica, a serial story translated for the *The Living Age* from the German of Frau von Ingersleben; The Education of Girls,—their Admissibility to Universities, *Westminster Review;* Above the Clouds; A Reverie on the Bel Alp, *Blackwood;* Liquefaction of Oxygen, *Nature;* with the usual choice poetry, etc. The back numbers containing the first instalments of Erica, and a story by Miss Thackeray, are still sent gratis to new subscribers for 1878.

For fifty-two numbers, of sixty four large pages each (or more than 300 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; or for $10.50 any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies is sent with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Gay, Boston, are the publishers.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D.D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D., Rev. J. M. TITZEL, Rev. K. E. HIGBEE, D. D., } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1878.

THIS SEASON IN THE CHURCH YEAR.

The Church Year has been observed through centuries. We have heard this urged as an objection to it, by those who can not see that there was anything good before the Reformation, and who might object, upon the same grounds, to the settlement of the Canon of the Scriptures, or the preaching of the gospel itself. But if the observance of the Church Year preceded the Reformation, it has also survived it, and the gospels and epistles set for given Sundays in the old hymn-books of our Church show this. Nor can it be said that this is wrong, because the calendar has been loaded with the names of saints, whose claims to canonization it would be hard to demonstrate. The abuse of a thing is never a valid argument against its legitimate use.

Thanksgiving days, and solemn fasts appointed in hours of national distress, as well as weeks of prayer, are testimonies to the propriety of times and seasons, when there should be concert in Christian thought and devotion. And if this be admitted, why not have all governed by the eternal verities of our holy religion? The revelation of the Triune God, the foundation of the Church, and all the work of salvation will, in this way, be brought before us in regular order.

The Incarnation and the Resurrection of Christ, and the Advent of the Comforter are now devoutly celebrated by those, who a few years ago made more of the twenty-second of February and the fourth of July than of Christmas, Easter, or Pentecost. But why not mark the time of our Divine Redeemer's sufferings? Why not follow Him as He goes to Jerusalem, and up the hill of Calvary beneath the cross's load? Is His atoning death nothing to us, that we may pass by wagging our heads? Surely the Atonement should be kept before the mind in a most real way, and the return of the Lenten season should be *especially* devoted to its contemplation. Our German fathers did this with profit, and so may we. Proper meditation upon the sacrifice of Christ, not only as the offering of His love, but as necessary to the taking away of our guilt, will, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, conduce to a penitence which will show itself in acts of proper humiliation. If, instead of merely theorizing upon the propitiation made for our sins, and accepting it as a doctrine, we are led to apprehend it as a historical fact, it will be better for us. Just in proportion as that great objective mystery confronts us will it challenge reverence, and call us to a halt in our thoughtlessness and sin. The world feels this and even the secular press is beginning to note the fact. Thus, the N. Y. *Tribune*, speaking of Ash Wednesday services, in an editorial which is approved by New England papers, not inclined to churchliness, says, "There can be no more wholesome discipline for any of us than to stop short in the chase after money, or knowledge, or amusement, and say: 'Without these stocks, or this house, this wife or children, taste or culture, what am I? How much of a man would there be left? What does the God who sent me here, think of me by this time? What shall I carry in my hands to Him when I go back? If the Lenten bells would carry such questions to each man and woman who hears them, what a different aspect life would put on."

But the *Tribune's* questions will suggest another, namely, what am I, not simply without, but *with* stocks and wife and children and culture? How little these enjoyments can do to guard us against the law of mortality and how utterly impotent they are to take away sin! Surely the thought of this will help to draw us to the cross as our only hope and refuge.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE NEW POPE.

A correspondent of the London *Times* says, that under Leo XIII. the old papal magnificence will most likely be renewed. The church ceremonies, which for so many years have been the chief attraction of Rome, will again be performed with all publicity and with all the pomp and splendor of which the late Pope, brooding over his grievances, and bemoaning his pretended imprisonment, had deprived them. Pecci, as Camerlengo, ordered the State carriages to be newly polished and varnished in which Pecci, as Pope, will one of these days make his appearance in the crowded and delighted Roman thoroughfares.

This simply indicates, that the new Pontiff has resolved not to act in the *role* of a "prisoner" of the Vatican. From what the English papers say, we learn that Leo XIII., in all his exhortations, avoids mention of the Virgin, with the purpose of discountenancing Mariolatry, which his predecessor encouraged especially in his decree of the Immaculate Conception. This is so improbable that no Protestant will be disposed to believe it. It is so out of accord with the past literature and worship of the Roman Church, that the idea will be smiled at by any child of the Papacy. While on this subject, we may as well give a floating rumor of the way the peasantry of Italy expect the temporal power of the Supreme Pontiff to be re-established. An Italian prince is to enter the priesthood, and finally to be elected to the chair of St. Peter, when he will combine both offices. That is a wily thought that looks far into the future, and is worthy of a Jesuit, but it is liable to so many contingencies, that the world is not much concerned about it. Yet such long-drawn schemes, are not out of the range of possibilities. The present Pope is sixty eight—fourteen years younger than his predecessor was when he received the triple crown and two cases of longevity like that of Pius IX. are not likely to come together. This fact seems to enter into the calculation of those who are already looking to the future of the Romish ascendency.

A WORD FOR PHYSICIANS.

The *Evening Telegraph* of the 15th inst. published in full the admirable valedictory address of Dr. Goodell to the class that graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania last week, and we give an extract from it in the usual place; sorry that we cannot lay more of it before our readers. We reprint the extract, not so much for the good advice it gives the young doctors, as for the fact, that it may help to remind our Christian readers of corresponding duties due to their family physicians.

Next to the Christian ministry, which is not a mere learned "profession," but a God-ordained *office*, there is no class of educated men upon whom more responsibility devolves than to those to whom, under God, the health and lives of their fellow-beings are entrusted. This responsibility will appear if we reflect for a moment how instinctively we turn to them when dear ones are smitten with disease or mutilated by accident. Almost every pastor, for instance, even though he has not been afflicted in his own person and family, can call to mind cases of distress in which some mother has appealed to her "Doctor" with an earnestness that might well characterize a prayer to supernatural powers. And every one knows the assurance, that is inspired by the presence of one whose love and skill has been of avail in former cases of sickness.

But that is not all. Physicians, as Dr. Goodell says, are by necessity admitted to the very arcana of the family, and it is wonderful to think how seldom there is a betrayal of the secrets entrusted to them. They have a code of ethics which would not tolerate in any one of their number any violation of the sanctities of life. Generally they are fully identified with the highest earthly interests of the communities in which they live, and they render more unrequited service than any other class of citizens. The grocer may refuse provisions to the poor, but the village doctor is impelled to answer every case of distress promptly and leave his pay for after consideration.

As a general thing, physicians feel a sense of responsibility which is not bounded by a care for their professional reputation, and we think they are entitled to more sympathy and moral support than they often get. To come to some just sense of this, let any one think for a moment how they are annoyed by quackery. The newspapers, often religious papers, that gain admittance to households, are filled with advertisements of nostrums that are bought and taken behind the backs, or even against the protest of those, who are held strictly to account for medical treatment. And then, there is no end to the opinions expressed and the advice given by neighbors to patients and their friends generally, at the most critical stages of disease. "What is the Doctor giving John? I don't believe he will get well with that medicine. Our Mary was sick just the same way, and did not get better, until we gave her some of the 'Specific' we bought of the Agent. You may be able to get it at Mr. Spatula's apothecary shop, for it is now 'sold by all druggists.' I would try it; it can do no harm, and you will enjoy the consciousness of having done all in your power. The Doctor need know nothing about it." Many a minister has heard such advice given, and some of them have so far forgotten their duty as to give it themselves. No doubt this is all well meant, but in every case it is an impertinent and risky interference. No minister would like it, if a physician were to try to substitute some modern "ism" by way of a moral panacea, for the consolations of the gospel at the sick bed of a parishioner. And that being the case, the ambassador of Christ should be especially careful not to allow the [illegible] put in his piety to betray him into the indiscretion of giving advice in matters about which he knows nothing.

Well-educated physicians find it to their interest to be liberal. Every new discovery is brought to the common store. They show a disposition to gain knowledge from every source. Professor Jackson once said to a student, "Do not despise the suggestion of an old woman because it is not in the books: it may get there." Old practitioners do not place themselves above this advice. If a specific is good, they will recognize and use it, but it is right that their judgment should be consulted. If people choose to depend upon patented medicines, or be 'every man his own doctor,' they have a right to do so; if their preference leads them to any particular system of medication, that, too, is their own choice, but if they select a physician, he has a right to their confidence, unless formally relieved of all responsibility. Surreptitious intermeddling is a breach of good morals.

THE HORRORS OF THE CHINESE FAMINE.

The horrors of the famine in China exceed anything recorded in history since the siege of Jerusalem. It is startling to think of seventy millions of people—nearly twice as many as make up the entire population of the United States suffering for want of food, and nine millions of them actually dying of starvation. The Chinese government is establishing soup houses, and rich people are doing all they can—one Mandarin having contributed, according to report, $35,000. But all that is given is comparatively little, when the extent of the want is considered. One great difficulty is the poor facilities for distribution. Many are unable to get to the depots of supply, and besides, there are no rail-roads to bring provisions rapidly from the South. Everything must be carried over the mountains by pack horses, so that there seems to be no immediate relief. Rev. Timothy Richards, an English missionary reports that wan and ghastly corpses lie along the roadside, torn by dogs and devoured by vultures. "A traffic in human life," was reported to him, "girls, women and children being sold for from one to three dollars per head to buy food." At first Mr. Richardson took this statement for a Chineseism, to indicate that the money for which the children were sold was used in purchasing the means of subsistence. But he was told, "No the children are boiled and eaten." Josephus, if our memory serves us, gives but one such instance, and cites it as the climax of the misery which attended the investment of the Holy City by the Roman army. In China at this day it seems to be a common thing.

Rev. W. S. Holt writing from Shanghai, to the *N. Y. Evangelist*, says, "Another horror is still to be added to this chapter. At Tientsin 2,800 women and children were packed away in a mat shed, and were provided with daily food. For greater comfort the ground was thickly covered with straw. On a windy day a fire broke out in this inflammable dwelling. The only means of egress was a gate six feet wide, and it *was locked*. The walls were pulled down or broken through and numbers rescued, but *fourteen hundred* fell victims to the fire, and their troubles were ended."

THE PRINCETON OUTRAGE.

Dr. McCosh has published a letter, in which he says, that one of the first steps he took after becoming President of the College of New Jersey, was to confer with Chancellor Green so as to secure the co-operation of the civil authorities in suppressing hazing at Princeton.

He says:—"I wish to be distinctly understood, that I did not oppose, directly or indirectly, any action of the civil authorities. We do not claim that our students are independent of State prosecution. Our college law (a law proposed by myself) is:—'It is to be distinctly understood, that any student violating the laws of the land shall be liable to the penalities imposed by public law, and the Faculty will not interpose to save him from penalties.' I have acted throughout on this principle." He adds that when he heard of the late affray, he "would have rejoiced to learn, that the civil authorities were instituting an investigation," but that meanwhile the Faculty felt bound to act, and that when the prosecuting attorney called upon him, he told him he would give him all information as to general facts, but that the faculty had "thought about peace," and that he could not in honor give the names of those students, who had put confidence in him as standing in the place of a parent, and frankly confessed.

Whatever principle may be involved in this Dr. McCosh disowns any intention to screen the guilty, and he should be allowed the advantage of his disclaimer. He thinks properly that no school should be blamed with outbreaks, by which the authorities are often surprised, when every thing has been done to prevent them. We are sorry to see a statement going the round, that the suspended students had official notice that they need not go far away, as they would be likely to be restored. This statement is based upon a resolution said to be taken from the minutes of the proceedings of the faculty, and signed by Prof. Duffield, as Secretary. The resolution, however, only states, that unless the suspended students appear before the faculty at a given date, the question of their restoration can never be considered at all. It takes some twisting to make it mean that the faculty winked at the late ruffianism. Dr. McCosh thinks parents should discourage the carrying of fire-arms by their children when young. He denies that hazing is peculiar to Princeton, and in this he is right; for late papers give accounts of outrages at Dartmouth, which are about as cowardly as those which have called attention to Nassau Hall. But wherever practiced, this ruffianism should be made as disreputable as sheep stealing.

After the above was in type, the daily papers came to us with accounts of another outbreak at Princeton. Some members of the Junior Class in the College got drunk, after passing their final examination in "logic," and went so far as to set fire to the mats in the halls of the old seminary building, thus endangering the property. The theological students came to the rescue, and a royal fight ensued. The faculties of both College and Seminary are at one with the civil authorities in bringing the offenders to justice, and, as a contemporary remarks, "the Courts of New Jersey have a special opportunity to establish a precedent which will go far to break up the traditional boyish disorder of our colleges, and make them schools for gentlemen." But the offenders were hardly brought to face the Mayor, before legal counsel for the culprits came from New York, and the indications are, that the students and their parents will make a desperate fight to prevent their being held to appear before the Grand Jury. In other words, wealth and influence and legal acumen will be employed to defeat Dr. McCosh, in his efforts to do that which he was blamed for not doing.

DEATH OF A MINISTER.

The *Reformirte Kirchenzeitung* of the 14th instant, simply announces the death of the Rev. C. Plüss, which took place at his residence in Crothersville, Indiana, after two days' illness from inflammation of the bowels, on the 28th of February. His remains were buried on the following Friday. The Rev. Dr. J. H. Klein, H. Helming, M. G. J. Stern and A. Seyring were present and conducted the religious services. He leaves a widow and several children in straitened circumstances. Further particulars are promised hereafter. F.

Notes and Quotes.

At a recent meeting held in the interest of the Presbyterian German Theological School, located at Newark, N. J. Dr. Schaff said, "I have spent all my life in Theological education, and I have not yet known *one* American who has given his life to preach the Gospel in German to the Germans."

The essays and discussions read and delivered at the Free Lutheran Diet, held in this city last winter, have been collected by J. Frederick Smith, in an octavo volume, which is about leaving the press. The book will be of great interest to the Lutheran Church, as well as to members of other communions.

The *Interior* comes very near to the truth in saying,—When one polemic says to another polemic that he "pities" him, as a general rule polemic No. 1 lies. He does not pity him, but hates him and wishes to humiliate him and hurt his feelings. It is not unusual for polemic No. 1 to speak unadvisedly.

The *Presbyterian Banner* remarks upon the fact, that there was less talk and trouble in electing a Supreme Pontiff in Rome, than is sometimes required in choosing a diocesan Bishop in this country. "But for that matter," it adds, "we must not boast over our Episcopal brethren; for we have known a congregation to be ten times as long in choosing a pastor, as the College of Cardinals was in choosing a Pope."

The fee charged for the Harvard Examination of women is fifteen dollars. This is cheap compared with the cost of going to Cambridge, where a boy cannot get along with much less than five hundred dollars a year, even if he toils in his father's work-shop; but then the feminine candidates for certificates, do the work themselves, and the Harvard committees only testify to the fact, that certain questions have been answered.

Dr. W. M. Taylor, of New York, thinks that topical preaching is responsible for the short pastorates so common in the United States. He says: "When one invariably takes separate texts, the probability is, that these will all run in the same direction and sound one note. Every preacher has his idiosyncrasies, and these will crop out in his selection of his themes, so that in a very short

time he will preach himself out. He will ring the changes on a few topics, until after a time the people will grow weary both of him and of them.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, during a lecture in the Philadelphia Academy of Music last week, said, "The time was when theologians taught that man had no rights which God was bound to respect." Unless we misunderstood him, he thought that was concession to Divine sovereignty which later investigations had been shown to be false. But the theologians to whom Mr. Beecher refers were correct. Man has certainly forfeited all *right* to any thing at the hands of the Almighty, and no advanced thought can alter that fact. God's love that followed man with a view to his salvation, is entirely of grace, and no natural rights outside of that grace can ever be plead in his favor.

An elder sends to the *Christian Observer* a copy of resolutions passed by the session of a Presbyterian Congregation, requiring all applicants for church membership to sign a pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and making the violation of such pledge, a cause for discipline. The elder would like to see the right of churches to establish such conditions of membership discussed. This would open a wide field for debate, inasmuch as it would involve the question whether a separate pledge to abstain from every separate evil, might not be required. Why not make a man give a written promise not to lie or cheat? It seems to us that this way of patching up things, betrays a very poor conception of duties involved in a union with the Church.

Among the Exchanges.

We clip from the New York *Evangelist* the following text of an overture proposed by Dr. H. A. Boardman to the Presbytery of Philadelphia, for transmission to the General Assembly. It was discussed in Presbytery on the 4th instant, and action postponed until the meeting in April:

"The attention of the General Assembly is respectfully called to the fact, that the 'International System of Sunday-school Lessons,' while excellent in the main, makes no adequate provision, and leaves no adequate room for the instruction of our youth in the doctrines of our Standards. We, therefore, propose, that the Board of Publication be instructed to prepare a series of lessons for our own schools, whereof one lesson of each month shall be appropriated to the study of our catechism. Not to argue this question, the urgency of this overture may be seen in the rapid spread of destructive errors, the supercilious disparagement of creeds, which poisons the popular literature of the day, and, as we apprehend, the growing disquietude of the ancient and invaluable Presbyterian usage of catechetical instruction in Christian families."

A few years more and Dr. Boardman's idea will universally prevail.

We take from the *Evening Telegraph*, the subjoined Extract from Professor Goodell's valedictory to the young Doctors of Medicine at the commencement of the University of Pennsylvania on last Friday. It will speak for itself; but we have a word on the general subject in our Editoral columns.

Do not, oh friends, oh brothers, do not, I beseech you, be cajoled either by the ties of friendship, by the tickle of flattery, or by the glitter of gold, into doing anything that involves the loss of self-respect and of professional dignity—into doing anything that is not right. Have "a keen and precious hatred" of everything bad, for strong, very strong temptations will be thrown in your way, hard, very hard, to resist. The honor of a family is at stake, and you will be besought to save it. A man of doubtful sanity lies a-dying, and you will be asked to yield to a friendly bias in giving evidence in favor of his mental vigor and testamentary capacity. A crime has been committed, and the tears and appeals of the criminal's kin will be brought to bear on you, to give such evidence as shall tend to make him irresponsible. A patient with some organic disease, or of intemperate habits, will wish to effect an insurance on his life, and you, fearful of giving umbrage, will be sorely tempted to testify to his soundness or sobriety. You will be called upon to explain the absence of some pleasure-seeking official, by giving a certificate of illness when summoned to courts of law as medical experts or as medical witnesses. You will find it hard to resist an unbecoming bias towards your client. Before the paint on your signs is fairly dry, you will be approached by those who spurn the tender name of mother. Yours is a holy calling Turn therefore a deaf ear to all such appeals, and swerve not a hair's breadth from strict uprightness. He who barters honor and honesty for gold, gains nothing but the contempt of those who use him as their tool. Remember, besides, that you will one day answer for it, unless you keep your hands and your heart clean before God and man.

Every roof covers some family secret. Every house holds a closet, which is kept as carefully bolted as was the famous one of Bluebeard—for are not frailty and intemperance, and misconduct and depravity, everywhere to be found? The doors of these closets will sooner or later be unbarred to you. To you, the tried family physician will these secrets be entrusted. Or in the delirum of fever or in unguarded moments of weakness, the sick will "purge their bosoms of much perilous stuff.' Be wary, very wary, how you divulge those secrets. Guard them most closely. "Keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom," says a wise prophet, although one of the minor ones, and very good advice it is. An eminent painter was repeatedly urged by a friend to tell him how he laid on his colors. He kept refusing, but finally, taking a pencil and a sheet of paper, said, "I know this secret; let this upright stroke stand for me. In a moment of weakness, I tell you this secret. This second pencil stroke will represent you. You whisper it to the wife of your bosom, and I add this third stroke for her. Pray, tell me how many persons now know my secret?" "Three," answered his friend. "Not so," said the painter; "look again. Don't three upright strokes make 111!"

Apart from family secrets, there are other matters about which you must learn to be close-mouthed. Few men care to have daily bulletins of their health given out, or to have the sayings and the doings of their sick chambers made the town talk. A man on a sick bed is not at his best; this the most affectionate wife will reluctantly admit. A night-cap is a great extinguisher of dignity, and he who wears it knows this. It was the penalty of royalty to eat and dress in public, and take its physic in state, yet even the divinity that doth hedge kings could not throw a halo of sentiment around such acts as all men have in common. There is much truth in the adage that "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre." The sick Cæsar shaking under a chill, and whining after a drink was to Cassius, not the conqueror of Gaul, not the mightiest ruler the world has ever known, not the hero to whom Rome gave a triumphal procession along the via Sacra up to the threshold of Tarpeian Jove, but a weak mortal like himself. And Shakespeare, with a keen insight into human nature, makes him exclaim:—

"Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone." * * *

Now, you, as physicians, will often see and hear what Cassius saw and heard. Take heed, then, how you belittle your patients by retailing the whims and fancies, the weaknesses, and the deliriums of their sick chambers. Few physicians have talked themselves into a practice. Not a few have talked themselves out of one.

A CONSTITUTION FOR AUXILIARY MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

Name.

Art. 1. This Society shall be known as the Missionary Society of the Reformed Church and Sunday-school at———auxiliary to the Board of Missions of the Reformed Church in the United States.

Object.

Art. 2. The object of this Society shall be to awaken interest in the cause of Missions; to diffuse missionary intelligence, and to secure regular weekly contributions, for the support of missions in the Reformed Church.

Officers.

Art. 3. The officers shall consist of a President, a Vice President, a Secretary and Treasurer, who shall be elected for the period of one year, and may be re-elected at the option of the Society.

Duties of Officers.

Art. 4. The President, or in his absence the Vice President, shall preside at all meetings, and attend to such duties as do not interfere with the relations of the pastor as President *ex-officio* and as hereafter defined.

Art. 5. The Secretary shall keep a correct record of the transactions of the Society, and a roll of the membership.

Art 6. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep an account of all monies received and disbursed, to pay out all monies as directed by the Society, and to make a report to the Society at the end of the year.

Membership.

Art. 7. The members of the Society shall consist of Sunday-school scholars and teachers, members of the Church and friends, who shall contribute at least one cent per week; and each member shall be furnished with a certificate of membership, provided by the Board of Missions, with the name of its officers attached and the seal of the Board.

Meetings.

Art. 8. There shall be monthly meetings of this Society either after divine service on Sunday, or at such other times as may be fixed on by resolution of the Society. These meetings, in connection with the transaction of business claiming attention, may be social or devotional as may seem best calculated to promote the object of the Society. At the end of the year a missionary festival shall be held, at which, among other things, the Treasurer's report shall be made, an annual report of the progress and success of the Society shall be read by the President, missionary addresses delivered, and such other exercises observed, as will tend to promote the cause of missions in the congregations.

Funds.

Art. 9. The funds of this Society shall be paid over to the Treasurer of the Board of Missions, established by the three Synods of the Reformed Church, the Synod of the United States, the Pittsburgh Synod, and the Synod of the Potomac.

Standing Committee.

Art. 10. A Standing Committee, of which the officers of the Society shall be members, shall consist of ten persons, who shall be elected annually by the Society. It shall be the duty of this committee, to interest the Society in the work of missions, to secure the names of new members, and to carry out any instructions which may be given by the Society.

The Duties of the Pastor.

Art. 11. The pastor shall be President *ex-officio*, preside at the meetings of the Society, whenever he shall deem it necessary; conduct all religious services, and in his absence appoint some one for that purpose, assist the members by his counsel, and endeavor to secure the co-operation of the members of the congregation.

By Laws.

Art. 12. By-laws can be adopted by this Society to meet any wants which have not herein been provided for.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES

Rev. W. C. Hendrickson's post-office address, after the first of April, will be Bristol, Bucks county, Pa He is yet without a regular pastoral charge. Correspondents will please address him as above after the date named.

We learn from the "*Lititz Record*," Lancaster county, Pa., that the Rev. D. S. Tobias has commenced preaching in Orchestra Hall in that place, with a view to the organizati n of a Reformed church. His present prospects of succeeding are represented to be quite encouraging.

PITTSBURG SYNOD

The Rev. Dr. N. P. Hacke, after continued pastoral service to the same people during a period of fifty-eight years, was induced a short time ago, through the infirmities of age, to resign his pastoral charge. Since then, the Westmoreland Classis has made quite a reconstruction of the pastoral charges, made up of congregations served at one period or another by the Rev. Dr. Hacke during his long pastorate Those lately under his immediate care were divided into two charges. The charge which embraces the Greensburg congregation has called the Rev. C. H. Dieffenbacher of Greenville, Pa., who will soon commence his labors amongst them. The other to be known as the Brush Creek charge, constituted of the Brush Creek and Manor congregations, has called the Rev. D. B. Lady, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., who expected to commence his labors in the new charge on the 17th inst. He preached his farewell sermon to his people at Mt Pleasant on Sunday, the 10th instant, from Ephesians 6: 10: "Finally, brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

In connection with the sermon, some statistics were given, from which we cull the following: The duration of the pastorate was five years a d nine months. Within this time, he preached seven hundred and twenty-four sermons; baptized one hundred and thirty infants; solemnized forty-three marriages, and added to the church one hundred and fifty-eight persons, one hundred and eighteen by confirmation, and forty by certificate and renewal of profession. Twenty-eight adult members were lost by death. At the commencement of the pastorate, the four congregations embraced two hundred members. They now embrace three hundred and two, a gain of fifty per cent. Within the same period, a small church debt was canceled, and a comfortable parsonage built and paid for, and $1,750 were contributed to the benevolent enterprises of the church.

The Mt Pleasant charge has been reconstructed, and now embraces St. John's, Mt. Zion, Mt. Pleasant and Scottdale congregations. It has called the Rev. S. Z. Beam, formerly of Michigan, but lately of Scottdale, to the pastorate, who has accepted, and expects to commence his labors in the charge about the 1st of April next.

The Classis constituted a new charge to be known as the Pleasant Unity charge. It consists of one congregation heretofore connected with the Mt. Pleasant charge, and two congregations, formerly connected with the Latrobe charge. This charge has invited the Rev. Cyrus Cort of Iowa, to visit them, with a view to settlement among them if the way be open, and he expects to preach for them early in May.

WESTERN CHURCH.

The people at Brandon, Iowa, lately gave their pastor the Rev. G. H. Albright, a fresh expression of their regard for him and his family. By special arrangement, quite a number of the members of his church, met in the evening in the town hall, and gave them an entertainment in their interest. It was an occasion of much social pleasure. From sixty to seventy persons, among them the pastor and his wife, were present. A sumptuously prepared collation was partaken of, and pleasant, social intercourse enjoyed. Music of a truly excellent and appropriate character also was not wanting. As it was "donation evening," the pastor was much benefited thereby, in having his house and stable plentifully supplied with such things as are necessary to meet the wants of their occupants, beside receiving twenty three dollars in cash. He and his wife are by no means wanting in grateful feelings toward those, by whom they have been so kindly remembered.

Rev. H. Shaull has resigned the pastorate of the Union charge at Northampton, Ohio, the resignation to go into effect on the 1st of April. In connection with the administration of the Lord's Supper in two of the congregations of the charge, this Spring, eighteen persons, five of whom are heads of families, were added to the church, three from other churches by certificate, and fifteen by confirmation. The Spring communions are to be held in the two other congregations of the charge during the present month, when further additions are expected to be made to the church. It is stated, that this is the third time the pastor has offered his resignation; but on previous occasions, the joint consistories refused to accept it. Very large accessions to the congregations of this charge have been reported at almost every communion during the last two or three years.

Rev. T. J. Bacher, of Massillon, Ohio, has resigned the pastorate of his present charge, with a view to accept a call from the church at Wooster, Ohio. He purposes entering his new sphere of labor on the 1st of May, and expects to do so under very encouraging circumstances, as successful efforts have been put forth, in the direction of wiping out a debt of $5,000, which has been heretofore hanging like an incubus over the congregation.

Several of our Western brethren as well as a number of those East, have recently been made happy by receiving enjoyable as well as profitable donation visits from their people. It is very natural, that they should seek to give some public expression of their gratitude for the favors received. In doing this, however, the entering into particulars, or indulging in a certain kind of pleasantry, seems to us of doubtful propriety. Cheer and pleasantry are highly commendable in their place, but care should be taken not to allow them to degenerate into that which militates against good taste.

WESTERN GERMAN SYNOD.

Two vacancies in the Minnesota Classis of the North Western Synod, have been recently filled by two young men from the Crischona Institute, near Basle, in Switzerland. The names respectively are W. Koehler, and H. Heuser. The former has been ordained and installed pastor of Zion's church, Carver county, Minnesota, and the latter of Eagle Valley congregation, Buffalo, Wisconsin.

F.

Religious Miscellany.

Of the 3,500,000 Canadians who are members of church, 1,500,000, it is estimated, are Roman Catholics.

Pius IX., during his long reign, created 29 archbishoprics, 130 bishoprics, and 43 vicariates apostolic.

The contributions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States reached last year the magnificent sum of $6,834,263.

The circulation of Methodist periodicals, at the present time, is officially reported to be as follows: *Christian Advocate*, New York, 61,-000; *Western Christian Advocate*, 13,400; *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, Chicago, 16 000; *Christian Apologist*, (German,) 15,-000; *Quarterly Review*, 6,000.

The Baltimore Methodist Episcopal Conference has a Preachers' Aid Society, whose invested fund amounts to $74,000. The Society has placed $3,500 at the disposal of the conference for the relief of needy preachers this year. A book depository is maintained in Baltimore, which is in possession of valuable business premises. Its profits for 1877 were $2,200.

Efforts are making to resist the establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Scotland. A conference of Protestant delegates met recently in Edinburgh and took measures for a vigorous agitation of the country. Arrangements are made for public meetings in all the principal Scotch cities. One Scotchman has subscribed £5,000 to a fund which is to be raised to defray the expenses of a legal resistance.

Dr. Edward Pressense has published a letter in which he expresses the opinion, that there is "no adequate solution of the difficulties in the French Protestant Church, but the entire separation of it from the State." This church is now divided into three parties: (1) The Orthodox, which holds to the decisions of the Synod of 1872 in relation to an exact confession of faith, and would exclude all who do not accept the Synod's rulings. (2) The Left, which declares that Protestantism is not pledged to any confession of faith. (3) The Right Centre, which holds with the Orthodox party, but would not coerce the party of the Left. All the parties appeal to the French Government, which is puzzled to know what to do.

On Saturday, February 23, the Universalist ministers of Boston and its vicinity met and adopted a declaration of their opinions in relation to future punishment. Its essential points are the following: "(1) As holiness and happiness are inseparably connected, so we believe that all sin is accompanied and followed by misery; it being a fixed principle in the Divine government that God renders to every man according to his works. (2) Till the requisitions of Divine justice are obeyed, justice administers such discipline, including chastisement and instruction, and for as long a period as may be necessary to secure that obedience which it ever demands. (3) We believe that repentance and salvation are not limited to this life. Whenever and wherever the sinner truly turns to God, salvation will be found."

Educational Notes.

A Compulsory Educational bill was passed by the Wisconsin Assembly last week.

A plan is talked of at Harvard to form a faculty for the superintendence of post-graduate studies.

The principals of the various schools of Portland, Maine, are obliged to report to the School Committee every month the number of pupils on whom they have inflicted corporal punishment and the reason for such infliction.

A bill has been introduced into the Wisconsin Legislature forbidding religious services in any form in the public schools. As the bill grew out of a recommendation from the common council of Milwaukee, the good people of that place are up in arms, and charge the city fathers with misrepresenting the best local sentiment on the question.

Oberlin College, Ohio, (Congregationalist) has a faculty of 26 men and 5 women, 1,016 students, of whom 36 are in the Divinity School and 161 in the College classes. The highest salary paid to any member of the faculty is $1,600. Its income is small; from interest on permanent funds, $9,000; from tuition, $14,500, making a total of $23,500. The expenses for last year were $34,000. The Divinity School of Oberlin was made famous by the long presidency of Dr. Finney; Dr. Fairchild is now President.

Married.

At the Reformed parsonage, Berlin, Pa., March 3d, by the Rev. S. R. Bridenbaugh, Mr. George W. Krissinger to Miss Mary Ling.

At the house of the bride, near St. Clairsville, Pa., March 7th, 1878, by Rev. D. N. Dittmar, Mr. Jacob Crilly, of Altoona, Pa., to Miss Amelia Fickes.

On the 28th of February, at the parsonage, by Rev. J. W. Alspach, Mr. Abram Henry Myers to Miss Anna M. D. Shakely, both of Sugar Creek Township, Armstrong county, Pa.

Obituaries.

IN MEMORIAM.

On Sunday morning, February 17th, 1878, Armor D., son of John and the late Mary A. Armstrong, of West Philadelphia, Pa., died at the age of 18 years.

This, at first, may appear as an item of only local interest. But, under the circumstances we will furnish, it becomes important to Christians everywhere. The deceased, though young, led a remarkable life. It was singularly consistent, gentle and pure. Some might say, it was too unpretentious to warrant this record. But let such remember, that we may find as much inspiration in the Aeolian's notes, as in the loud-mouthed organ; as much grandeur in the twilight zephyrs, as in the noon-day storms; and that, through the gift of great faith, even a brief career may take its place among the rich legacies of our Church.

Few persons could have made a more abiding impression. In the family, his influence was marvelous. The older and younger members sat at his feet, as before some Gamaliel. In the business-place, through recent promotion, and the unbounded confidence reposed in him, he was proportionately honored. In the social circle, he was held up as a prodigy in wisdom, meekness and goodness. In the Church and Sabbath-school, he was greatly esteemed. His faithfulness to all his covenant relations, and his exemplary walk, were the fruitful themes of many conversations. None were more constant in the performance of duty: none more patient of reward. In these things he has written his name indelibly upon many precious tablets of memory.

But it is our purpose especially to refer to his closing hours—to the incidents which hang above his years as a halo, and help to confirm the believer in the vital necessity for a religious experience, and of its unspeakable value.

Early in this year he was taken ill with a cold. This soon developed itself in an incurable consumption. The family were promptly apprized of the fact, and did not long hesitate in their duty to communicate it to their patient. The task was a painful one, but much more so to the living, than the dying. When the words were uttered by a most devoted sister, "The Doctor says you have consumption!" he simply replied, "Then the story is all told!" After a little reflection, he appeared to relapse into his usual serenity and quiet.

From this time the evidences of his triumph began. O ten we visited him under a cloud of sorrow, but as often came away buoyant with gratitude. His bedside soon became a holy place, consecrated by services that would have adorned the altar of God's house. Scripture readings and comments, and heartfelt prayers and hymns, were frequently had, and always full of pleasure to him. Often persons were sent for to come and sing with him. And when at last the feeble breath could no more utter the notes of praise, he could whistle them through in a way that indicated the glowing fervor of his soul.

At one time, he was delighted, because his father was comforted on account of his hopeful end. At another, he saw his sainted mother at his bed-side. At another, he saw heavenly messengers pass through his room. At another, he saw Christ, standing with outstretched arms, waiting for him. At another, he would point upward, and assure all of the presence of his Lord. At another, he would urge upon those present, the truth of his anxiety to "go home,"—of his complete preparation for heaven, of his weariness of earth.

In all this, while we agree that, so long as the veil of the flesh is fully over us, we cannot possibly recognize agencies such as are indicated; yet we will not for a moment doubt, that when the body of the child of God fades away, the soul becomes stronger and more apprehensive Even until the end, in this instance, the sick-room seemed to have in it a supernatural air, to be a place where the gate leading from the shades of time into the sunlight of glory stood unbarred and ajar.

On the Sabbath preceding his death, we administered the Holy Communion to him. Oh, how anxiously he reached for the bread, and how lovingly he clung to the cup, holding it protractedly to his lips, as if alive to the thought, that it was the last use of the symbols, antedating, by a few hours, the first enjoyment of the real presence.

The end was glorious. For hours he lay scarcely able to whisper. He nevertheless witnessed to the nearness of the Redeemer. We trembled under a sense of a heavenly and majestic surrounding. A weeping and apparently heart-broken family bowed their heads and hearts low, as a radiant and perfected soul rose from that bed.

On Sunday evening of the 3d inst., a service commemorative of the life and death of the deceased, was held in St. John's Reformed church, on Haverford Avenue. Rev. Dr. S. R. Fisher conducted the exercises. The pastor preached from Isaiah 40: 8, "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever." The building was crowded with a mournful and attentive audience.

J. Saml. V.

Died—Near Troxellville, Snyder Co., Pa., on Dec. 24th, 1877, Emma Eliza, daughter of Simon and Mary Ann Benfer, aged 9 years, 9 months and 4 days.

Also Laura Malisa, sister of the above, on the 17th of Jan., 1878, aged 12 years, 2 months and 9 days.

On the 20th of Feb., 1878, (the mother of the two above mentioned), Mary Ann Benfer, born Amand, aged 40 years, 3 months and 14 days.

The dread disease diphtheria, entered as an angel of death the family of our esteemed Elder, Mr. Simon Benfer, and in a few weeks his beloved daughters and wife departed to the Church triumphant. They each gave assurance of their certain salvation through Jesus our Saviour. Mrs. Benfer was a devoted member of the Reformed church, confirmed by Rev. W. G. Hackman, and remained faithful to the end. The bereaved husband and three sons bore this triple affliction with Christian resignation, and do not mourn as those do who have no hope! The funerals were each improved by the pastor, to exhort all to seek the things which are above. A. R.

Departed this life in Sinking Spring Valley, Blair county, Pa., Susanna Biegal, aged 86 years, and 3 months.

"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

Died.—In Altoona, Pa., March 7th, 1878, Ida Grace, only child of Milton W., and Emma Isenberg, aged 14 months.

How strange these things come about! God doeth great things and unsearchable, marvelous things without number. But indeed, we should expect a Godlike Jehovah to do much we cannot understand. Therefore we will commit the keeping of our souls to Him as a faithful Creator; for He maketh sore and bindeth up; and though He woundeth His hands, make whole; yea, no evil shall touch us.

Acknowledgments.

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Franklin Byerly, Philada	10 00
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S Sch Convention at Minersville, per Rev C Baum, pastor	5 35
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Youth's Department.

A BOY'S WELCOME TO SPRING.

BY MRS S. M. WALSH.

Hurrah for the jolly old spring-time!
I know it's a-coming for sure
By the mud that I cover my boots with—
And forget to wipe off at the door.

And this is the week of vacation
That comes with the spring-time, you know
Oh dear! how the days fly like minutes!
But mother complains that they're slow!

I know that we make the house muddy,
And nearly distract her with noise;
But, then, it's the spring-time vacation,
And we must enjoy it like boys.

We know that it's spring when the hooples,
And tops, balls and marbles are out;
When boys that have moped all the winter
Begin to stir lively and shout.

We now are all ready for marbles—
New patches adorn all our knees;
Our fingers are nimble and limber—
Don't have to wear mittens or freeze!

There's "leap-frog"—we've played that all winter,
It's good for the muscles and blood;
But take to it fresh in the spring-time—
What's softer to sit in than mud?

"The girls" are all talking of "flowers,
And breezes, and blue-birds, and brooks;"
And hunting up all the "sweet verses"
About "lovely spring" in their books.

It comes pretty hard on a fellow
When he don't hear the first blue-bird sing,
Or find the first flower, to tell him
He "don't care a bit about spring!"

Doesn't every glad shout give it welcome?
Doesn't every glad leap tell our joy?
Yes! Hurrah for the jolly old spring-time!
What more can you ask from a boy?

—*Christian Union.*

THE SEVEN WONDERS.

It has been suggested to the Professor that he tell about the "Seven Wonders of the World." Of course it makes the Professor feel very old to talk so much about what happened when he was young. It's very foolish for him to feel so, for if, by looking back to his boyhood days and telling about what was going on in the world twenty-three hundred years ago, he can give any pleasure to the young folks, he ought to be perfectly willing to do so; even though he's just shaved off his white beard for fear people might begin to think that he's getting old.

How many know about the famous Seven Wonders? Only one hand up! and its the hand of the littlest boy in the class, too! The Professor is quite ashamed. Well, little boy, you may name them. Stand right up on the seat where all can see.

"If you please, sir, it isn't that; it's Tommy Dodd sticking a pin into me."

Thomas, go right into the corner. Just think of having to stand there before all the readers of the *Christian Union*--and that pretty little girl with blue eyes and golden hair is looking straight at you, too!

This time the Professor will tell of only six of these wonders. The seventh he will leave till next week. The wonder he isn't going to tell about to-day is the greatest wonder of all, and before you receive the *Christian Union* next week you must all find out what it is.

Here are the six: The Colossus of Rhodes, Diana's Temple at Ephesus, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the Pharos at Alexandria, the Hanging Gardens at Babylon, and the Olympian Zeus.

1. The Colossus at Rhodes.

You've all seen a picture of him—the statue of a man with such long legs, that while he stood with one foot on one side of the harbor, and the other foot on the opposite side of the entrance, real ships with their high masts and spreading sails could pass between them. This statue was 105 feet in height and was made by a man named Chares, who was a famous Greek sculptor. The figure was finished in the year 280, B. C., and was placed at the entrance of the harbor at Rhodes, where it remained till an earthquake knocked it over in 224, B. C. Some of the fragments remained on the spot for nearly eight hundred years afterward. The statue was made of brass, and is supposed to have represented Apollo. They used to go up to his head by a winding staircase. Rhodes is the capital of the island of the same name in the Mediterranean sea. Some people don't believe that ships ever sailed between the statue's legs, and the Professor don't remember.

II. Diana's Temple at Ephesus.

Such a splendid building as that was! And it ought to have been, for it took over two hundred years to finish it. It was four hundred and twenty-five feet long and two hundred and twenty-five broad.

It was supported by one hundred and twenty-seven columns of marble, and Parian marble at that. This marble, of which you have heard so much, is found on the island of Paros, near Greece, in the Mediterranean sea. Each of these columns weighed one hundred and fifty tons. They were furnished by so many Asiatic kings—each king paying for one column.

In the year 356, B. C., a man set fire to the temple, because he wanted his name to come down to future ages. It was Mr. Erostratus, and the Professor told him that if he should set fire to that temple the Professor would never lend his jack-knife to Mr. Erostratus's little boy again, and he never did. The temple was rebuilt, but was burned down agin in A. D., 256.

Can you remember hard names? Then try to remember that Mr. Chersiphron was the architect of Diana's Temple.

III. The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus.

Halicarnassus looks harder than it really is. Take it quietly, and you will be pronouncing it before you fairly know what you are about. This city was in a province called Caria, in the extreme south-western part of Asia Minor, and belonged to Greece. When Mausolus, King of Caria, died, his widow, in 354, B. C., built a tomb to his memory. It was, of course, a very magnificent affair, and so all fine tombs at this day are called mausoleums. It stood for centuries and centuries, although part of it was destroyed by an earthquake. In 1404 the Knights of Rhodes (perhaps the Professor will tell you all about them when he comes to speak of the Crusades) built a castle at Halicarnassus and took their material from poor Mausolus's tomb. By-and-by the site of it was altogether forgotten. In 1856, however, Mr. Charles T. Newton, of the British Museum, was appointed vice-consul at Mytilene, and when he was making excavations and exploring the islands and coasts thereabouts, he discovered the site of this ancient tomb, and you can have some idea how tremendously large the mausoleum must have been when Mr. Newton tells us that he found almost enough material to rebuild the entire structure, even after the earthquake and the Knights' castle. Artemisia was the name of the king's widow, and she loved Mausolus so very much, that after the tomb was built she died of grief. But the Professor doesn't think that she could have loved her husband any better than poor Charlotte did Maximilian. Do you?

IV. The Pharos at Alexandria.

Perhaps some of you think you have never heard of a "pharos." Yes, you have, for it's nothing but a lighthouse. This lighthouse at Alexandria was probably the first light-bearing tower in the world. It was built about 300 years B. C. This city, as you probably know, was named from Alexander the Great, who founded it 332, B. C. It is a seaport of Lower Egypt. Alexander must have been a pretty thoughtful man to build the lighthouse for the benefit of those sailing along the shores. This lighthouse was not on the mainland, but upon a small island called Pharos, which was just in front of the city. So long as we are at Alexandria, the Professor may as well tell of another curiosity there—the great obelisk called Cleopatra's Needle, seventy-two feet high. There was another of these needles, but the Sultan of Turkey has given it to England, and it is now in London.

The Professor is talking of ancient Alexandria. The modern city bearing the same name is not upon the old site, although quite near it.

V. The Hanging Gardens at Babylon.

Just where the ruins of these gardens are, the Professor is bound to say he doesn't remember, and his old friend, Herodotus, didn't leave any definite word. The form of the city was a square, each side being about fourteen miles long. The walls about ancient Babylon were two hundred and thirty feet high! Just think of that for one minute. Why, Bunker Hill monument is only two hundred and twenty-one feet high.

Some say that these walls were one of the Seven Wonders, and well they might be.

The Hanging Gardens were connected with one of the royal palaces. These gardens covered about four acres of ground. They were supported, built one over the other. Each story or tier of the foundations or supports was held up by solid platforms from which the piers of the story above arose. The gardens themselves were on top of this structure, which was seventy-five feet high. The summit was covered with earth, and not only the most beautiful flowers and shrubs grew there, but also trees of the largest size. These gardens were watered by means of a great reservoir which capped the structure, and which was filled from the river Euphrates, on the banks of which Babylon stood.

These gardens flourished about two thousand years B. C., and are certainly the oldest (with one exception) if not the greatest of all the Wonders. The name of the monarch who built these gardens is not generally known. Some say Semiramis and some Nebuchadnezzar. Of course, the Professor knows, only he doesn't like to say.

VI. Olympian Zeus.

Olympia was not a city, but a small plain on the banks of the river Alpheus in Greece. On this plain was a sacred grove, which contained many beautiful works of art, including the splendid Temple of Zeus, or Jupiter. In it stood the famous statue—the Olympian Zeus, by Phidias. Zeus and Jupiter seem to have been one and the same gentleman. Jupiter, you know, gave the thunder, the storm and calm, and many other things too numerous to mention, and the way he used to throw around chain lightning was most astonishing. On this plain, where stood the temple, the famous Olympian national games took place. Of these horse and foot races and combats you've doubtless heard, but it may not be generally known, that the Professor almost always came out ahead when they played hop-scotch and see-saw.—*Christian Union.*

TAMERLANE AND THE ANT.

All who have read the history of Scotland, know the story of the brave king, Robert Bruce, who, when he was hiding from his enemies, and had almost given up all hopes of setting his country free, because he had tried six times, and not succeeded, was comforted and encouraged to try again, because he saw a spider that had tried in vain six times to make her cobweb. He determined that if the spider tried the seventh time and succeeded, he would try a seventh time to drive away the enemies of Scotland. The spider *did* try a seventh time, and succeeded—so did the king. A story very much like that is told of a brave Eastern king called Tamerlane, or Timur Lank, who lived as much as five hundred years ago. At the beginning of his wars, he was so closely pressed by his enemies, that he had to hide himself among some ruins. He was making up his mind to give up trying to conquer, when he saw a little ant trying to lift a grain of wheat—perhaps, indeed, what Tamberlane took for a grain of wheat was the ant's egg, as those little insects have eggs very nearly as big as themselves, and so like grains of corn, as to be often mistaken for them by those who do not watch them closely—as big as herself, up a hillock. Every time the ant seemed about to drag her grain up the mound she fell back, and had to begin her work all over again. Again and again did the persevering ant try, and each time in vain, till at last, at the sixty-ninth time, she succeeded in dragging her grain to the top of the hillock. Tamerlane was so encouraged by seeing her, that he determined to persevere, and he became a great conqueror. A greater King than Robert Bruce or Tamerlane has said: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise."

THE GULF STREAM.

There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and the bottom are cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other so majestic a flow of water. Its current is more swift than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than one-thousand times greater. Its waters, as far as the Carolina coasts, are of indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that the common sea water can be traced with the eye. Often one-half the vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters, and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream, to mingle with the common waters of the sea. In addition to this, there is another peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf Stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco.

I WONDER!

BY MRS. R. N. TURNER.

I wonder how the little stars
Know when it's time to shine!
They ope their eyes and smile on me
While I am closing mine.
Do angels light their tiny lamps
To make it bright and fair?
Now, I could just see how it is,
If only I were there!

I wonder how the birdie knows
The way to build her nest—
Did some one teach her? I am sure
She *never* could have guessed!
But birds, I 'spose, are very wise,
I'm sure they seem to be!
They tell my mamma funny things,
But never talk to me.

I wonder how the tiny drops
Of rain can come so far—
And how the little bubbling brooks
Know where the rivers are!
I wonder why the pretty flowers
Were made with so much care,
To bloom for just a day or two—
So frail, and yet so fair!

My pussy found her tail one day,
She never dreamed 'twas there,
Till tumbling upside down in play
She spied it in the air!
I wonder what the pussy thought?
She wasn't scared at all!
But catching it in both her paws,
Rolled over like a ball!

Why wasn't I like pussy made?
Then I no want would find—
I don't mean pussy's furry tail,
But her contented mind!
I'd laugh and play the livelong day,
Nor ask one *why* or *what!*
I wonder now if I were puss,
Would puss be me, or not?

HALF-A-CROWN'S WORTH OF ADVICE.

A farmer had occasion to go to a neighboring town. Having accomplished his business, he found that a little leisure remained until he must start for home. So he concluded to step into the office of a lawyer who had the reputation of giving wise counsel. On entering, he found several waiting their turn. The lawyer invited him to be seated. After the rest had gone, he was asked his business. The farmer told him that he had heard of his reputation, and had come in to get some of his good advice.

"The lawyer said: "A quarrel with a neighbor, perhaps?"

"No," the farmer replied, "I never quarreled with any one."

"About some land, then?"

The farmer replied he had all the land he wanted.

Then the lawyer took a slip of paper, and, after writing therein, folded it and gave it to the farmer, charging half-a-crown. The farmer put it in his pocket and went home. While eating his supper, one of his boys came to him, asking what they should do with the hay. It was in prime order to put into the barn. It was in as good a place as might be in the field. The farmer hesitated. It was Saturday night; the weather was fine; the men had labored hard all the week and gone to rest. He thought of the slip of paper, and drew it out, saying, "I have got some advice here," and read, "Never put off until to-morrow what should be done to-day."

"Call out the men, boys, and girls, and have every load of that hay into the barn before we get into our beds."

They did so. Before Monday morning came the wind changed, and blew up a heavy rain, washing much of the hay of an adjoining farm into the river running through their fields; what remained was nearly ruined.

The next Autumn the farmer took a pair of fat chickens to the lawyer, and did so many successive years, telling him that his advice had saved him hundreds of pounds.

If promptness in attending to the affairs of time and sense, which are passing away with the using of them, will bring much gain, of how much more infinite importance is it that we should attend at once, without a moment's delay, to the salvation of the soul, which is of infinite value, beyond estimation, that part which lives forever! The present is the only moment we are sure of. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation!"—*Visitor.*

Pleasantries.

A hopeful minister says that he has no doubt that the time will come when the members of a church choir will behave just as well as other folks.

The foolish man will ask a woman if her baby is not a trifle cross-eyed; but the wise man will take the cars and make his inquiries by postal-card.

"Mamma," asked a precious youngster at a tea-table, the other evening, after a long and yearning gaze toward a plate of doughnuts, "do you think I could stand another of those fried holes?"

A Boston bachelor is said to own a dress coat which he has loaned on twenty-three occasions to as many bridegrooms to get married in.—*Ex.* Those fellows certainly didn't marry because *they couldn't get on a loan.*

Pettingill says that the first "returning board" of which he has any recollection was a shingle in the hands of his father.—The three — father, son and shingle—used to hold frequent committee meetings in the back shed, but the returns came so swiftly that a fair count was impracticable.—*Boston Advertiser.*

As they were taking their oysters the lady gave a little scream of rapture and detached from one of the bivalves that had fallen to her share, a pearl. "I wonder," she said, as she examined it closely, "if it is worth anything. There does seem to be a flaw in it." Her lord and master inspects it critically and returns it with a sapient shake of the head. "Bogus, sure," he says, "They couldn't afford to give real pearls with oysters at twenty-five cents a dozen."

Abernethy's prescription to a wealthy patient was: "Let your servant bring you three or four pails of water, and put in into a wash-tub; take off your clothes, get into it, and from head to foot rub yourself well with it, and you'll recover." "This advice of yours seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient. "Well," said Abernethy, "it is open to that objection."

It is only now and then that the public get sight of a man who was once a boy and acted like a boy. One of this sort was met at the Central Depot the other day. Feeling tired and yet desiring to see all that was to be seen, he made arrangements to sit down on a bench outside. Passing his hand over it several times he said to himself: "No tacks or pins put in here to raise a feller up, and no pitch to hold a feller down." He looked it over very carefully, and continued: "No fresh paint on here to spile clothes, and no acid to spile the hide." He made a last examination, and felt satisfied to say: "No place above here to pour water down my back—no bricks to fall on my head—no Bogardus kicker under it—no bumble-bees around now, and I think I can safely sit down and take comfort."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT, COMPARED.

The Bible calls Egypt "the land of bondage." This is as true now as it was in the times of Moses. Its ancient ruins and monumental inscriptions and the present condition of the people confirm it. Kingcraft and priestcraft, in possession of all intelligence and power, used the people as beasts of burden and mechanical tools, in the times of the Pharaohs and under the present Khedive.

Temple ruins and tombs meet the traveler day after day on the banks of the Nile. The mind is kept vacillating between admiration for the grandeur of the monuments and contempt for the absurdity of the idolatry to which they were dedicated. It seems inconceivable that a nation possessed of such skill and capable of such structures should have been given to the worship of beasts and reptiles. But St. Paul gives us the solution in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. In the days of Herodotus it was easier to find a god on the Nile than a man. And in honor of these gods—half men, half beasts, or all beasts—the Egyptians erected their greatest works of art. They built as magnificent tombs and sarcophagi for their sacred bulls at Sakkara as for their kings of Thebes. If the worship of bulls and rats, of crocodiles and beetles, could do so much, how much more should the worship of the true God be able and willing to do? But the noblest monuments of the Christian faith are constructed of better material than granite and marble. A single cathedral or university or orphan-house of Europe has done more good to the people than all the temples of Egypt, which were only intended for kings and priests and closed by their outer wall to the multitude.

The gigantic proportions, the antiquity and location of the pyramids and temples, constitute their chief attractions. The ruins of Karnas, Luxor, Thebes, Abu Simbel, Denderah, Edfu, and Ghizeh defy our notions of sublimity and strength, and excite our amazement at the mechanical skill which could remove from the quarries of Syene and pile up such enormous masses of stone. Only command over unlimited time and unlimited labor could do it. The explanation is a sad comment on despotic power, which forced myriads of human beings, subjects and captives of war, like so many camels and donkeys, into the service of vanity and folly, without any reward but their scanty food and nameless obscurity. Moreover, grand as is the design and admirable as is the execution, *there is, after all, no real beauty and* grace in the Egyptian works of architecture, sculpture, and painting, as compared with those of Greece. The gods and men are stiff, stolid, monotonous, and disfigured by the admixture of animal heads. The Egyptian mind was kept in bondage by the dark powers of nature. The Greek mind was emancipated and breathed the air of freedom and manhood.

In the course of time, Egypt, from the most powerful of empires, became the basest of kingdoms. And from this condition it has scarcely risen yet. It is true a new era of reform began with Mohammed Ali, the Napoleon of Egypt. His nephew, the present Khedive, has trod in his steps, and seems to have taken Napoleon III.—"the nephew of the uncle"—for his model. He is undoubtedly a most intelligent ruler, and has all the varnish of modern French civilization; but he builds from the top downward, instead of building from the foundation upward, and the natural result is bankruptcy. His officials are corrupt. The administration of justice is so bad that he had to establish a mixed international court, to which every government that has to do with Egypt sends a representative. He constructs by forced labor, railroads and canals, palace after palace for himself and his wives and concubines, sugar factories and plantations, and he grinds his people to the very dust by taxation. A more degraded, abject, and beggarly people than the modern Egyptians it would be difficult to find within the limits of the civilized world. "Backsheesh" is the first word they learn and the last they forget. You hear it everywhere, from morning till night, from old and young, as if it were "the chief end of man." It indicates the all-prevailing poverty and misery. Their villages look like shapeless heaps of ruins. Their houses in the country, and even in some quarters of Alexandria and Cairo, are miserable mud huts, not much better than Indian wigwams, without beds, without furniture. Men, women, and children are huddled together on the bare floor. They have but one garment or a few rags. The children are mostly naked. They live in the same inclosure and on terms of ultra democratic equality with their donkey, buffalo, cows, goats, sheep and chickens. Only the doves have a separate household in the air above. Ophthalmia and blindness prevail to a fearful extent. Reading and writing are the prerogative of a few. The common people are so ignorant that they rarely know even their age. Birth, marriage, and death are the only events in their monotonous animal existence.

And yet these Egyptians are not without noble qualities. They are a submissive, gentle, harmless, and by no means unintelligent race. They have bright dark eyes, white teeth, fine figures, and any amount of endurance. Many of these men are very handsome, and the women carry their water jugs most gracefully on their heads. Even the Nubians, though darker than our Negroes and far beneath them in knowledge, surpass them in physical appearance and seeming capacity for higher attainments. Like other Mohammedans, the Egyptians are temperate in meat and drink, and can live off bread, lentils, beans and water. Mohammedanism is a great total abstinence society. Our Arab dragoman from Luxor and the captain on the Nile indignantly refused wine or beer, which some less scrupulous Christian passengers injudiciously offered them. I often thought how difficult it must be for these simple-minded and contented Orientals to be convinced of the superiority of the Christian religion and civilization, if judged by the luxuriant extravagance and intemperate habits of English and American travelers.

Is there any hope for such a people? Undoubtedly there is, in God's own good time and way. Great political changes must precede. It is not impossible that Egypt, the highway to British India, will before long be annexed to England. The most intelligent men in Egypt, not interested in the personal reign of the Khedive, desire it, knowing that England has a strong and honest government, would throw a vast amount of capital into the country, and promote liberty, education, and industry among the people. An English protectorate over Egypt would be a part of the solution of the Eastern Question. It would prepare the way for a still higher solution—the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent.—*Dr. P. Schaff in Independent.*

A LIVING SACRIFICE.

Paul besought the brethren "by the mercies of God," to present their "bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." There is a great tendency among Christians to disregard the exhortation about offering their bodies to God. They must give their hearts first, because if their hearts are not given no other offering can be "acceptable;" but many stop with offering their hearts. When they give their emotions to God, they think *the offering is complete.* If they have pious and holy thoughts of God and Christ, they deem their whole duty done. But God wants more than this.

Others think that if they give their pocket-books to God, they have done all that can possibly be expected of them; that it is the minister's duty to visit the sick, to comfort the sorrowful, and to tell sinners of the Saviour; and if they pay their quota of his salary and sustain and encourage him by a regular attendance, they have done all that can reasonably be expected of business men or private church members, by the most exacting critic. Paul was evidently of a different opinion. His appeal is to "the brethren," not to the church officers; and his demand is that they should present their bodies, themselves, their whole energies, to God. —*Christian Observer.*

THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

There is an infinite fulness in Jesus Christ. As St. Paul says, "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." "In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. (Coloss. i. 19; ii. 3.) There is laid up in Him, as in a treasury, a boundless supply of all that any sinner can need, either in time or eternity. The Spirit of Life is His special gift to the Church, and conveys from Him, as from a great root, sap and vigor to all the believing branches. He is rich in mercy, grace, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Out of Christ's fulness all believers in every age of the world have been supplied. They did not clearly understand the fountain from which their supplies flowed in Old Testament times. The Old Testament saints only saw Christ afar off, and not face to face. But from Abel downwards all saved souls have received all they have had from Jesus Christ alone. Every saint in glory will acknowledge that he is Christ's debtor for all he is. Jesus will prove to have been all in all.—*Ryle.*

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CUMBERLAND VALLEY R. R.

Time Table, in Effect Jan. 1st, 1878.

UP TRAINS.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Harrisburg ...	8:00	1:35	4:15	9:10
Arr. Carlisle,.....	9:00	2:35	6:15	10:10
" Chambersburg	10:30	4:00	6:45	P. M.
" Hagerstown...	11:30	5:00	P. M.	
" Martinsburg...	12:50	6:20		
DOWN TRAINS.	**A.M.**	**A. M.**	**P. M.**	**P. M.**
Lve. Martinsburg...		7:00		2:00
" Hagerstown....		8:25		3:25
" Chambersburg		9:30	1:00	4:33
" Carlisle.....	6:00	10:55	2:20	6:00
Arr. Harrisburg.....	7:00	11:55	3:20	7:00
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M

A. H. McCULLOH, Genl. Tkt. Agent. **J. F. BOYD, Supt.**

General News.

HOME.

Grasshoppers are already hopping out of their eggs in Missouri.

Boston, March 15.—State detectives made a raid yesterday on the town of Shutesburg, this State, where they arrested a number of men who are charged with living in open polygamy. They were held in bonds for trial in the Superior Criminal Court for Franklin county. It is alleged that many others will be arrested for the same offence, an attempt evidently having been made to establish a Mormon settlement at Tewksbury.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—The House Committee on Banking and Currency has agreed to a bill providing for the issue of silver bullion certificates. It contains the features of several propositions submitted to the committee, and provides for the issue of silver bullion certificates in denominations of $10, $20, $50, $100 and $1,000, each representing 412½ grains, and receivable, without limit, for all dues to the United States. The certificates are to be payable, less the expense for transportation, in silver coin, or bars of fine silver, at the option of the Government. The certificates are to be issued at New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Denver, San Francisco, Carson City, Boise City, and at all places where there is either a mint or an assay office. They are to be redeemable at San Francisco for all points west of the Rocky Mountains, and at New York for all points east of Denver.

Washington, March 15.—The Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads of the House have nearly completed the bill 'for the classification of mail matter and the rates of postage thereon." Mail matter is divided into four classes: First, written matter; second, printed newspaper and periodical matter of two kinds—privileged and ordinary; third, other printed matter; fourth, merchandise. The rates now existing will probably not be changed, but the classification is simplified. The bill will prohibit the carrying of second-class mail matter outside the mails, and authorizes the Postmaster General to use return postal cards and a combined letter sheet and envelope. Sample copies of newspapers, etc., are to be admitted to the mails at the same rates as regular issues of registered matter. The committee is divided as to whether any distinction should be made in the rates on second-class matter, or whether the rates should be uniform. Several votes were taken on this question, and although undecided the probability is that the law will remain as it is, making the rates two and three cents per pound.

FOREIGN.

The Associated Press gives the subjoined news in regard to the state of things in Europe:

LONDON, March 17.—The following dispatches have been received by Reuter's Telegram Company:

VIENNA, March 17.—It is said that serious negotiations are proceeding between Sir Henry Elliot and Count Andrassy for an alliance between England and Austria. If the negotiations succeed, Count Andrassy's position will be strengthened. If they fail, a ministerial crisis will ensue, and Count Andrassy may possibly resign.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 17.—The ratifications of the treaty of peace were exchanged to day. The conditions will be published as soon as they are communicated to the Powers. Reauf Pasha will depart immediately. The *Agence Russe* denies that Russia opposes Greece being represented in the congress, and adds, that as the great powers alone can constitute a congress, the representatives of secondary and other interested states will be admitted as delegates in reference to the question wherein their states are concerned. Steps are now being taken for the progressive return of the Russian army from Turkey. The guard will start first and halt some time at Kieff.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 17.—The Russians troops have crossed the river between Makri Kai and St. Stefano, and occupied three villages near Makri Kai. The Porte, by the advice of Moukhtar Pasha, has not yet assented to the Russians ocupying Bujukdere. The Russians, nevertheless, have arrived at Domousdere, behind Bujdkdere. The Czar's yacht, Eyrklick, with two torpedo boats, has cast anchor off Bujukdere. Mr. Blount, the British Consul at Adrianople, has arrived here, the Russians having refused to recognize the Consular body at Adrianople or Philippopolis.

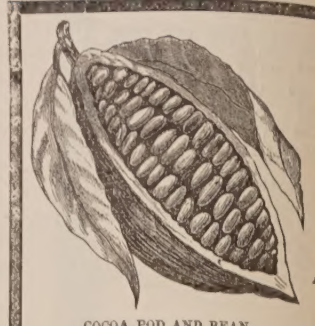
ATHENS, March 17.—Twelve thousand Turks have landed at Volo, and, it is expected, will attack Mount Peliore. It is anticipated, that if the Turks overwhelm the insurgents, it will be difficult to restrain the Greek army from re-entering Thessaly.

OTTAWA, March 16.—The new Temperance act of the Dominion Government was introduced in the Senate and read a first time. Hon. Mr. Scott explained that the provisions of the bill were intended to apply to all parts of the Dominion. It confers powers on any county or city to prohibit the sale of alcoholic liquors, except for medicinal, mechanical, or sacramental purposes. For medicinal purposes the certificate of a doctor is required; for sacramental, that of a clergyman; for mechanical, a sworn application, certified by two justices. On the application of one-fourth the registered voters of a county or city, the Governor-General will issue a proclamation stating, that in sixty days a plebiscite will be taken, and if a majority of electors vote in favor of the law it comes into force on the expiration of a license term, so as to avoid conflict between the local and Dominion authorities. The law once in operation is absolute for three years, and is then repealable only on application and by election as before. The vote will be by ballot, with heavy penalties against corrupt practices. Its expenses will be borne by the Dominion.

We call attention to the advertisement of Ruebush, Kieffer & Co., headed, *For 15 Cents*, found in this issue.

AN admirable pocket companion and friend is found in the beautiful little book which has been very popular in England, *Daily Light on the Daily Path*. Republished by the American Tract Society, N. Y. Price, 60c.; postage, 4c. Send to the Depository, 1512 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, or to your bookseller.

CHEAPEST BIBLE EVER SOLD!!! See in another column an advertisement of Illustrated Bibles at astonishing low prices. This firm is fully able to do what they offer, and every one who has seen or bought a Bible of them are more than pleased with them. The firm is first-class, and the Bibles sent on a guarantee to satisfy the buyer.



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Advertisements.

ALLENTOWN FEMALE COLLEGE.

Under the care of East Penna. Classis. The next session will begin on the 22d of April, and continue to the 28th of June.

The following resolution was adopted by the Synod of the Reformed Church at Allentown, Pa., October, 1877:

Resolved, "That the Allentown Female College be, and is heartily commended to the confidence and patronage of our people, as an Institution well fitted to impart to young ladies a thorough classical and Christian education. For catalogue or particulars, address,"

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These Seven Discourses, founded upon seven utterances of our Saviour when upon the cross, are characterized by great eloquence, simplicity and directness. Such is their subtle value that both the learned divine fond of fine exegesis, and the devout Christian, loving to meditate upon the tenderness of Christ, will find this a very precious volume.

THE TOPIC OF THE DAY.

History of Opinions on the Scriptural Doctrine of Retribution.

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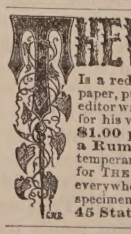

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